

# True Songs FOR Sunday Schools

EDITED BY

ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD D.D.

AND R. M. MCINTOSH.



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MACON, GA.

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# PURE SONGS

FOR

## SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

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## PREFACE.

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PURE SONGS differs from all other books of its class, with which we are acquainted, in two essential particulars :

1. It abounds with songs founded on the parables, miracles, and leading texts and incidents of the Holy Scriptures, making it easy to illustrate and emphasize Bible instruction with song. This feature, so far as we know, is new, and we expect the best results to follow from its introduction. The mere statement of such a plan is sufficient, we think, to impress all intelligent people with its importance, argument being unnecessary.

2. PURE SONGS contains an unusual number of the better forms of Church tunes, adapted to hymns in general use. If this department of the book is utilized by those who have charge of music in the Sunday-School, the effect will soon be perceptible in the improvement of congregational singing among our Churches.

Believing that our people need such a book, we send them "PURE SONGS" hoping that, under God's blessing, it may aid them in their work, and be productive of much good.

THE EDITORS.

Emory College, Oxford, Ga.,  
June, 1889.

# PURE SONGS.

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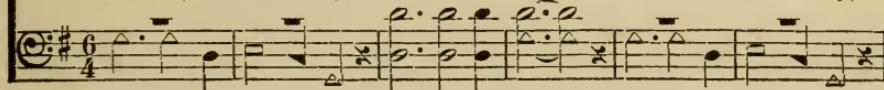
No. 1.

JESUS IS MINE.

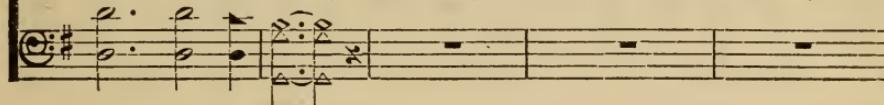
R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



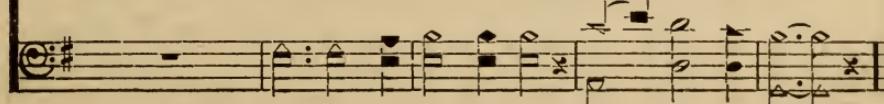
1 Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine; Break ev -'ry ten - der tie,  
2 Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine; Here would I ev - er stay,  
3 Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine; Lost in this dawning light,  
4 Farewell, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine; Welcome e - ter - ni - ty,



Je - sus is mine; Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no  
Je - sus is mine; Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for  
Je - sus is mine; All that my soul has tried, Left but a  
Je - sus is mine; Wel - come, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet



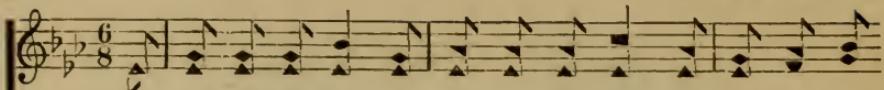
rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine.  
one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine.  
dis - mal void,—Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine.  
scenes of rest, Wel - come my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine.



## No. 2. THE MASTER CALLETH FOR THEE.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

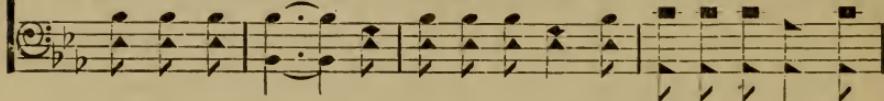
R. M. MCINTOSH.



1 Her sad vi - gil keep - ing, Ma - ry sat weep - ing. Mourning for  
 2 Then swift at His call - ing, at His feet fall - ing Ma - ry so  
 3 When loss is be - fore us, grief gath - ers o'er us, Shad - ows of



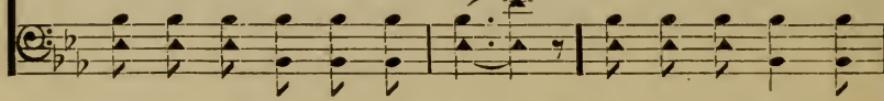
Laz - a - rus dead, Her glad tid - ings learn - ing, Mar - tha re - turn - ing,  
 sor - row - ful goes; And trustful be - liev - ing, meek - ly re - ceiv - ing  
 sor - row sur - round; What - e'er may be - fall us, if he will call us



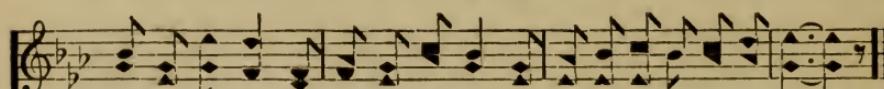
### CHORUS.



Un - to the weep - ing one said,  
 Hope that the Mas - ter be - stows. } Je - sus is com - ing,  
 Glad - ly we'll fol - low the sound. }



Him have I met, Glad are his tid - ings to me;



Joy - ful a - rise, the Mas - ter is com - ing, Je - sus is calling for thee.



# No. 3. HALLELUJAH! BLESS HIS NAME!

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 A sin-ner, I came, for my Lord to see, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!  
 2 I knew that the Lord would not pass me by, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!  
 3 Oh, the rapture I felt I can nev - er tell, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!  
 4 I'll watch, for to-day yet the Lord may come, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!

He knew me at once and a-bode with me, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!  
 He knowsev - ry heart, and he heard my cry, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!  
 For the great relief when my burden fell, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!  
 To grant me the joy of his happy home, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!

CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu - jah, oh, the glo - ry! Je-sus loves me, this I know;

Hal-le-lu-jah!

For I feel the bless - ed par - don That our Sav - iour did be - stow.

## No. 4.

## THE SOWER.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

2 4

1 Hear how a sow-er once Went forth to sow: Seed by the  
 2 Hear now the Teach-er say, God's word the seed; Are ye the  
 3 Sow thou thy seed di-vine, Lord, all a-round! O make this

2 4

way-side fell, Nev-er to grow; Some fell on ston-y ground,  
 way-side ones, Giv-ing no heed? Or of the ston-y ground,  
 heart of mine Good, fruit-ful ground! Smile on the har-vest, Lord!

With-ered to be; Some on the thorn-y ground, Choked ut-ter-ly;  
 Hear-ers, are ye! Or of the thorn-y ground Choked ut-ter-ly?  
 Rich may it be, When we an hun-dred fold Gath-er for thee!

Some-where an hun-dred-fold, Fruit, gath-ered he.  
 Or shall an hun-dred-fold Fruit, gath-ered be?  
 Je-sus, the sto-ry told, On Gal-i-lee.

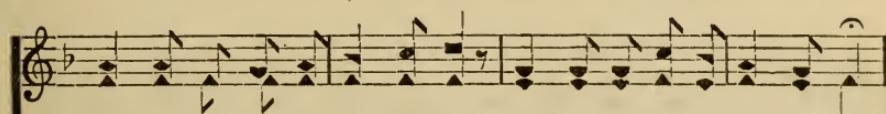
# No. 5. "ARE THERE FEW THAT BE SAVED?"

Rev. W. P. RIVERS

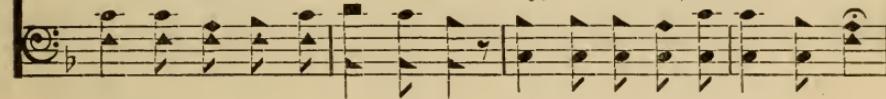
R. M. MCINTOSH.



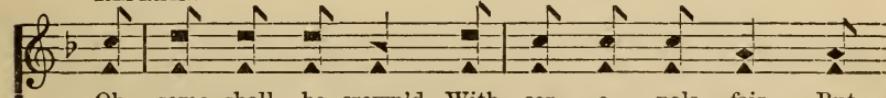
1 Say, "Are few to be sav'd of men? Five of thousands, or five of ten?"  
 2 Christ's dis-ci-ples had cheer di-vine; All par-took of the bread and wine;  
 3 Lo, the vir-gins were fa-vor'd all, All were waiting the mar-riage call;  
 4 All like Ma-ry who wisdom seek, All like John who was kind and meek,  
 5 All be-liev-ing the Master's word, All who love and o-bey their Lord,  
 6 Oh, how many from th' East and West, At the feast of the Lord shall rest!



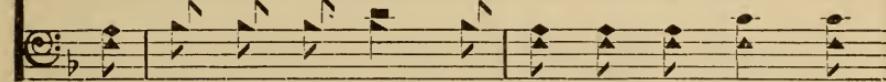
God is Love, and he call-eth all; All may come and o-bey the call.  
 One "went out" in the darksome night—Ne'er came back to the Lord of light!  
 Five were ready, their lamps were bright; Five were left in the dis-mal night!  
 All who faith-ful to Christ shall be, These the glo-ry of heav'n shall see.  
 They who sit at the Saviour's feet, These for heav'n shall be counted meet.  
 "Tens of thousands" their number be! Say, O sin-ner, shall he save thee?



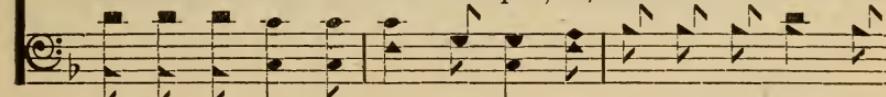
## REFRAIN.



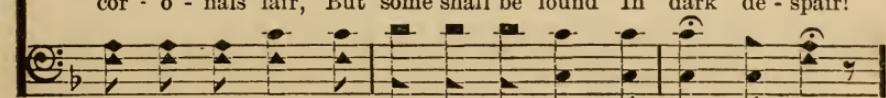
Oh, some shall be crown'd With cor-o-nals fair, But



some shall be found In dark de-spair; Oh, some shall be crown'd With



cor-o-nals fair, But some shall be found In dark de-spair!



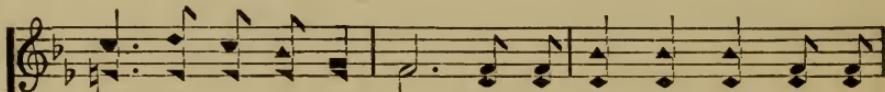
# No. 6. THE LAMB OF CALVARY.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D. D.

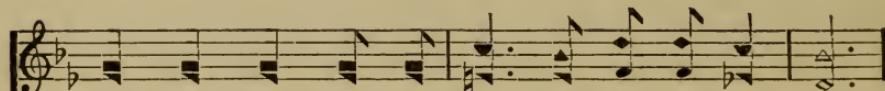
R. M. MCINTOSH.



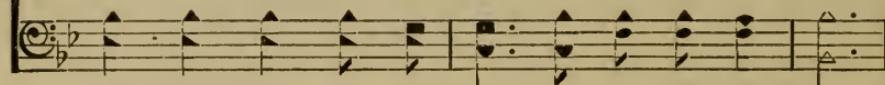
1 There was love, deep love, in the cross dis-played, When the  
 2 There is love, strong love, in the King on high To the  
 3 There is love, warm love, in the Sav-iour's heart For the  
 4 Un-to Je-sus come with your load of grief, And re-



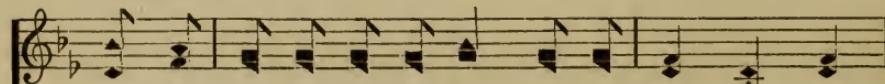
Lamb of Cal-va-ry died, For the slaves of sin was a  
 souls condemned for their guilt, He will save the lost that to  
 troub-led, wretched, and weak; In his bound-less grace he will  
 - pose by faith on his breast, There your bur-dened spir-it shall



ran-som paid, When the Lamb of Cal-va-ry died.  
 him draw nigh Thro' the pre-cious blood that he spilt.  
 peace im-part To the mourn-er, low-ly and meek.  
 find re-lief— On the Lamb of Cal-va-ry rest.



## REFRAIN.



'Twas a bless-ed, bless-ed day for our wretch-ed race



# THE LAMB OF CALVARY. Concluded.

When the Lamb of Cal - va - ry died; Je - sus

saves the hum - ble now in his bound - less grace, For in

love to sin - ners he died; In love to sin - ners he died,

In love to sin - ners he died, Je - sus saves the hum - ble

now in his bound-less gracé, For in love to sin - ners he died.

No. 7.

# TARRY AND REST.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1 Je - sus, wearied with his jour-ney, Tar - ried at the well to rest,  
2 Tar - ry at the bless-ed well-side, Where the liv - ing wa - ters flow,  
3 Tar - ry ev - er at the well-side, Where there's life and rest for all;



Where he taught the wait - ing peo - ple Of the liv - ing wa - ter, blest.  
Drink-ing at the heal - ing fountain, Balm for ev - 'ry sor - row, woe.  
Come, ye wea - ry heav - y la - den, Come, 'tis Je - sus, makes the call.



CHORUS.



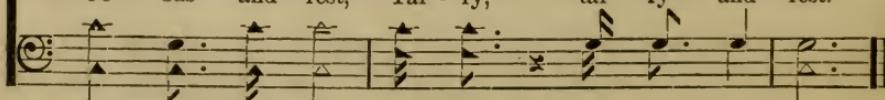
Tar - ry at the well - side with Je - sus and rest,



Tar - ry and rest, tar - ry and rest; Tar - ry at the well - side with



Je - sus and rest, Tar - ry, tar - ry and rest.



# No. 8. THE FLOWING FOUNTAIN.

C. H. G. .

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1 Look a-way to Calv'ry's rugged mountain, Where the Saviour died for thee;  
 2 "Whoso - ev - er will, may come and welcome," Free to all, the wa-ters flow!  
 3 There is joy a-mong the shin-ing an-gels, O - ver one re-turning soul;

Look! be-hold an ev - er - last - ing foun-tain, Opened there for you and me.  
 Tho' your sins be scar - let, here is water That will wash them white assnow.  
 Then no lon - ger stay a-way, for sure-ly Jesus' blood can make you whole.

### CHORUS.

'Tis free, . . . 'tis free, . . . For it  
 'Tis free, 'tis free, The blessed word pro - claim;

flows . . . to all, . . .  
 For it free-ly flows to all, In my Re-deem-er's name.

No. 9

# THE OLDEN STORY.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1 Have you heard the old - en sto - ry, How the Lord in Gal - i - lee,  
2 Have you heard the in - vi - ta - tion Of sal - va - tion full and free?  
3 Who - so - ev - er will may fol - low, No one will re - ject - ed be,

Said un - to the hard - y fish-ers, "Leave your nets and fol - low me?"  
"All who la - bor heav - y lad - en, Come," he says, "come un - to me."  
Un - to each one comes the message, "Give up all and fol - low me,"

CHORUS.

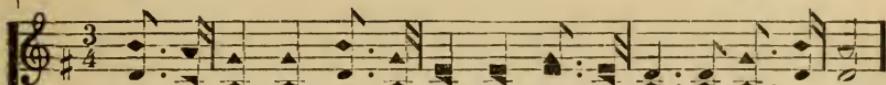
Fol - low me, fol - low me, Give up all and fol - low me; . . .

Fol - low me, fol - low me, Give up all and fol - low me.

# No. 10. COME TO JESUS RIGHT AWAY.

F. M. D.

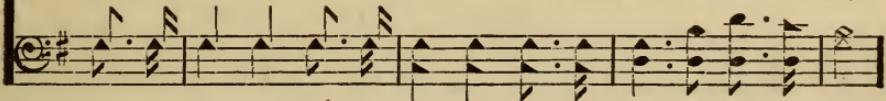
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1 Come to Je - sus, youth-ful pil-grim-s, Come to Je - sus, right a - way;  
2 Live for Je - sus, youth-ful pil-grim-s, Live for Je - sus, right a - way;  
3 Work for Je - sus, youth-ful pil-grim-s, Work for Je - sus, right a - way;



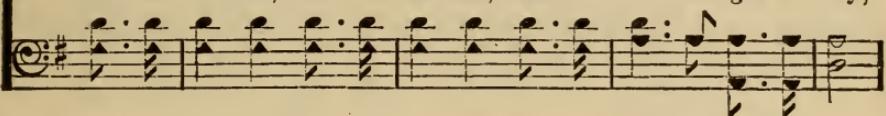
He'll re - ceive you, nev - er leave you; He will bless you ev - 'ry day.  
In your morn-ing hours of childhood, Live for Je - sus don't de - lay.  
La - bor with a will-ing Spir - it, He will all your toil re - pay.



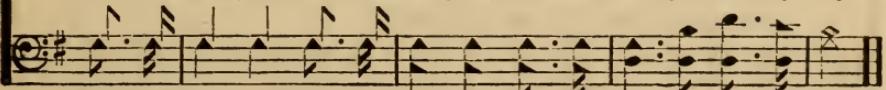
## REFRAIN.



Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus right a - way;



He'll re - ceive you, nev - er leave you; He will bless you ev - 'ry day.



W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

will-ing hands to do What-so-e'er to us he hath ap-point-ed,  
mor-tals here be-low; Christ, the brightness of the Father's glo-ry,  
-ly the path he trod; Lead-ing wand'ers to the dear Re-deem-er;

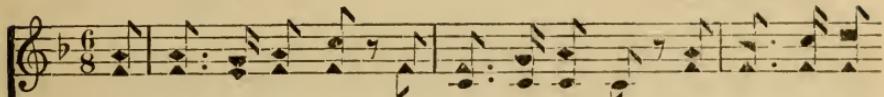
## CHORUS.

## No. 12

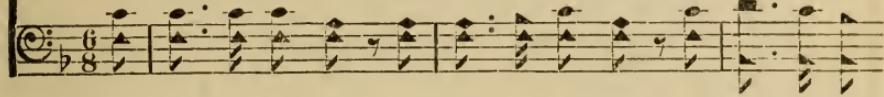
## THE LOST SHEEP.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

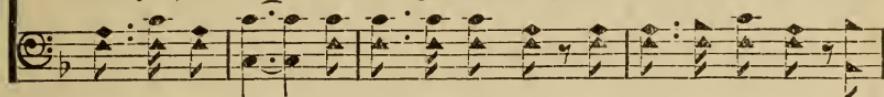
R. M. MCINTOSH.



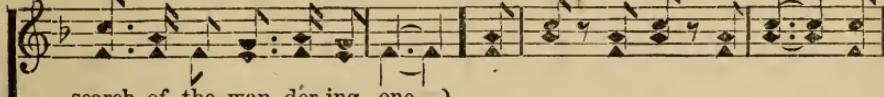
1 The nine - ty and nine, his dear ones that stay, The shep-herd is  
 2 Oh, chil - dren of God, your good shepherd hear, He lov - eth the  
 3 Ye lost ones re - turn and fol - low his voice, The shep-herd will



leav - ing a - lone, To haste o'er the hills and val - leys a - way, In  
 sheep of his fold, The wand'rers to seek his voicesoundethnear, O'er  
 meet you, and then The an - gels a - bove, shall sing and re - joice, As



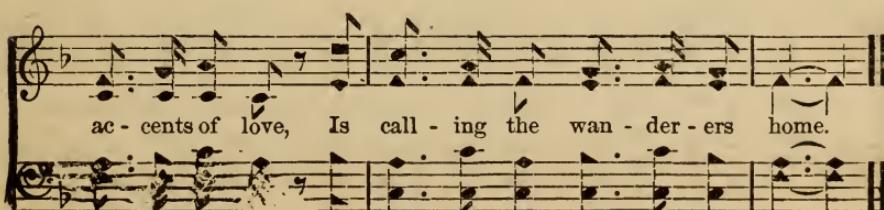
## CHORUS.



search of the wan - dér-ing one. } mountains so drea - ry and cold. } Come home, my lambs, come home! Come  
 homeward, he bears you a - gain. }



home, my lambs, come home! The shep - herd is call - ing, in



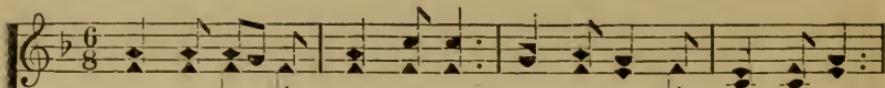
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

## No. 13.

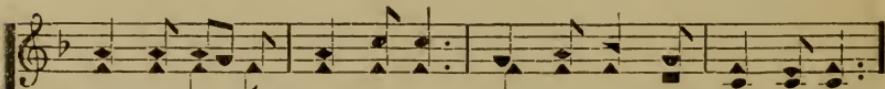
## HOLD MY HAND.

EDEN R. LATTA.

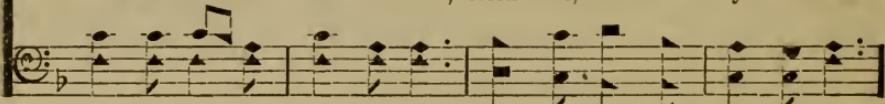
FRANK M. DAVIS.



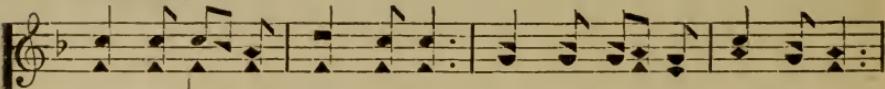
1 Lest in weakness I may stray, And may break some dear command,  
 2 I would glad-ly fol - low thee, I thy will would un - der-stand;  
 3 In each dark and try - ing scene, Pass - ing to the bet - ter land;  
 4 When I come to bid a - dieu To the earth - ly pil-grim band,



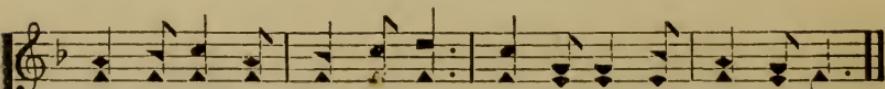
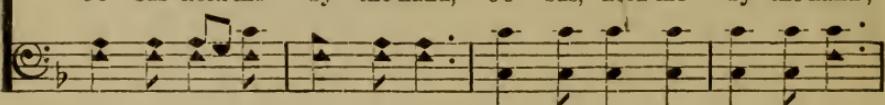
Guide me, Lord, from day to-day; Hold me, hold me by the hand.  
 Sav-iour grant my earn - est plea; Hold me, hold me by the hand.  
 Still on thee my soul would lean; Hold me, hold me by the hand.  
 When the form of death I view; Hold me, hold me by the hand.



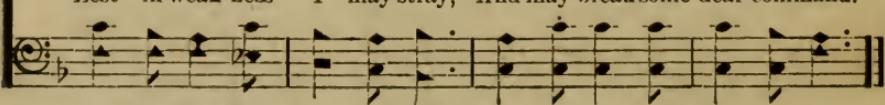
## REFRAIN.



Je - sus hold me by the hand, Je - sus, hold me by the hand;



Lest in weak-ness I may stray, And may break some dear command.

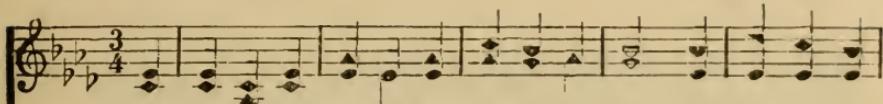


## No. 14

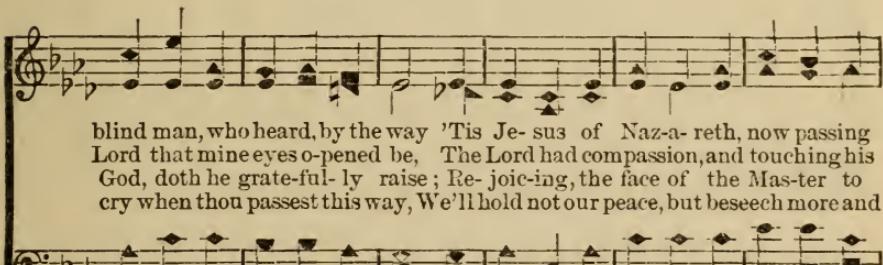
## BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

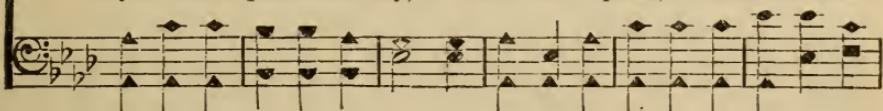
R. M. MCINTOSH.



1 As forth from the cit - y, went Je-sus one day, They came to a  
 2 What wilt thou, said Je-sus, shall I do to thee? He answered him,  
 3 Then all when they saw it, to God gave the praise; And glo-ry to  
 4 Dear Lord, when in darkness and blindness we stray, To thee will we



blind man, who heard, by the way 'Tis Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, now passing  
 Lord that mine eyes o-pened be, The Lord had compassion, and touching his  
 God, doth he grate-ful-ly raise; Re-joic-ing, the face of the Mas-ter to  
 cry when thou passest this way, We'll hold not our peace, but beseech more and



## REFRAIN.



by; Then, tho' they rebuked, more and more would he cry;  
 eyes, Re-stored them, in an-swer to faith's earnest cries: } Hear me in  
 see, Who pit - y - ing heard, when be-liev-ing cried he, }  
 more, Lord, let thy com - pas-sion and pit - y re - store.



kindness, pit - y my blindness, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!



## No. 15.

## SAVIOUR, WASH ME.

F. M. D.

F. M. DAVIS.

1 Just as I am, O Lord, I come to thee; Sowr-feted, blind and  
 2 As help-less as I am, I come to thee, Thy full sal-va-tion  
 3 Then as I am, O Lord, I come to thee, Be-liev-ing in thy

full of sin; I claim thy prom-ise now to make me whole, To  
 I would prove, O let me feel thy might-y cleans-ing pow'r, And  
 pow'r to save,—Thy pre-cious blood for such as me was shed, O,

CHORUS.

cleanse my soul with-out, with-in.  
 know the won-ders of thy love.  
 plunge me in its cleans-ing wave. } O wash me, Sav-iour

wash me, And I shall be whiter than the snow; O

wash me, Sav-iour wash me, And I shall be whiter than the snow.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

W. O. PERKINS.

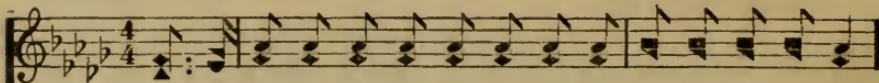
Used to bless the lit-tle chil-dren, For he loved them, loved them so!  
 And so earn-est-ly be-sought him For his bless-ing on them all.  
 In his gen-tle arms he took them, And they heard him sweet-ly say—  
 From his home on high he sees us, Hear him kind-ly to us speak.  
 Just as warm his love en-fold you, Just as sweet-ly doth he call.

## CHORUS.

# No. 17. THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND.

Arranged from J. W. WELSH.

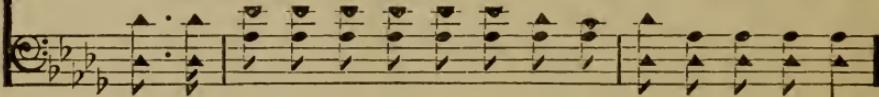
J. C. BUSHEY.



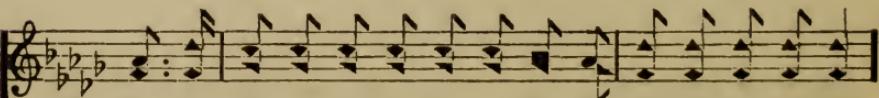
1 I am long-ing for the com-ing of the snow white an-gel band,  
 2 I am wait-ing for the sig-nal that shall speak my full re-lease,  
 3 I am long-ing to be go-ing, yet my father's kind command,



That shall bear my wea-ry spir-it, To the sin-less sum-mer-land,  
 And pre-sent my welcome passport, To the realms of per-fect peace,  
 Bid's me tar-ry 'mid the shadows Of the misty low-er-land,



As I tread the nar-row pathway, Thro' this thorn-y vale I dream  
 Yes, and when the wea-ry san-dals All the dust-y way have trod,  
 When my pil-grim-age is end-ed, I shall stem the tur-bid flood,



Of the joys that ev-er brighten, Where the pear-ly wa-tersgleam.  
 I shall sing a-mong the an-gels By the gold-en throne of God.  
 And re-cline up-on the bos-om, Of the spot-less Son of God.



# THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND. Concluded.

## CHORUS.

I am long - - - - ing for the  
I am long - ing for the com - ing, I am  
com - - ing Of the snow . . . . . white an - gel  
long-ing for the com-ing Of the snow white an - gel band, Of the  
band, That shall bear . . . . . my  
snow white an - gel band; That shall bear my wea - ry spir - it,  
wea - ry spir - - - it,  
That shall bear my weary spir - it, To that sin - less sum - mer land.

No. 18.

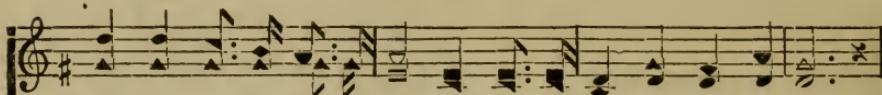
# WHO'LL BE LEADING?

Mrs. H. E. JONES.

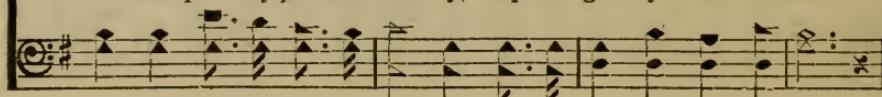
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1 Who'll be lead-ing, gent-ly lead - ing, Lit-tle lambs in - to the fold ;  
2 Who'll be lead-ing to the Shepherd, Those who nev-er heard his name ;  
3 Who will lead the precious chil-dren, That are scattered all a-broad,



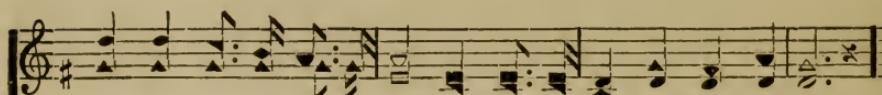
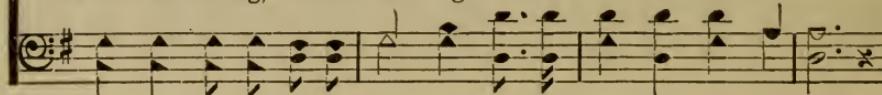
From the val - ley and the hill - side, From the by-ways, lone and cold.  
Who will tell them how he loves them, Rich and low - ly, just the same.  
Thro' the pathway pure and ho - ly, Up to glo - ry and to God.



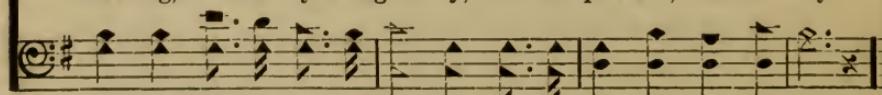
CHORUS.



Who'll be lead-ing Lit - tle lambs that none may stray ;  
Who'll be leading, Who'll be lead-ing



Lead-ing, ten-der - ly and gent - ly, In the pleasant, nar - row way.

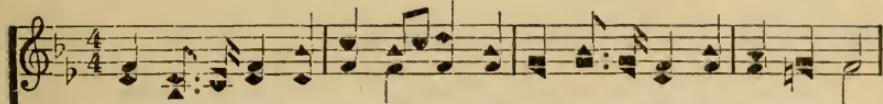


No. 19

# THE MUSTARD SEED.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. MCINTOSH.



4/4 time signature, treble clef, key signature of one flat. The music consists of two staves of four measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to C major at the end of the first section.

1 Lik - en the kingdom to the springing, Springing of smallest seeds we know:  
2 Say not, too humble seems thy planting, Trust in the sto - ry Je - sus told,  
3 O! the re-joic-ing, when at e - ven, Thy la- bor end - ed, safe at home,



4/4 time signature, bass clef, key signature of one flat. The music consists of two staves of four measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to C major at the end of the second section.



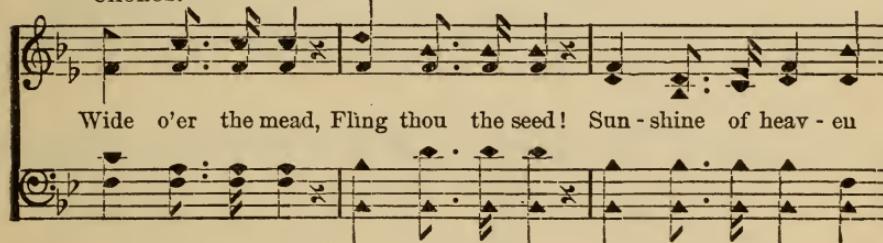
4/4 time signature, treble clef, key signature of one flat. The music consists of two staves of four measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to C major at the end of the third section.

Soon in the branches birds are singing, So shall the heav'ly kingdom grow.  
Dews of his grace our Lord is grant-ing, Soon shall it yield an hundred fold.  
High in the branches, up in heaven, Singing, "O! Lord thy kingdom's come!"



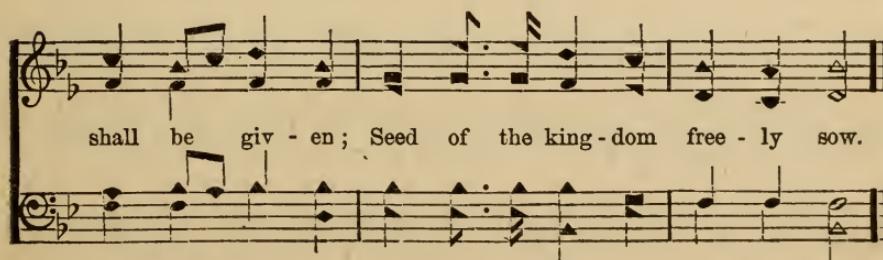
4/4 time signature, bass clef, key signature of one flat. The music consists of two staves of four measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to C major at the end of the fourth section.

CHORUS.



4/4 time signature, treble clef, key signature of one flat. The music consists of two staves of four measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to C major at the end of the chorus.

Wide o'er the mead, Fling thou the seed! Sun - shine of heav - eu



4/4 time signature, bass clef, key signature of one flat. The music consists of two staves of four measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to C major at the end of the final section.

shall be giv - en; Seed of the king - dom free - ly sow.

## No. 20. Would you go Home with the Angels.

Mrs. ESTELLE OLTROGGE.  
SOLO.

Mrs. ESTELLE OLTROGGE.

1 Where are you go-ing, oh, sin - ner, So heedless of what is to come? Are you  
2 Christian, oh, say, is your treas-ure Laid up in the kingdom of God? Do you

tread-ing the path-way to glo - ry, Or the road that will lead you to doom?  
live for the glo - ry of Je - sus? Are your feet with his righteousness shod?

Pause ere 'tis too late, oh, sin - ner; Think of your dreadful end,  
Do you e'er pray with the err - ing, And aid the help-less poor?

Should you die to - night, With-out the sin - ner's Friend.  
Gen - tly lead the chil - dren To seek a heav - ly shore.

CHORUS.

Would you go home with the an - gels? Would you go home with the an - gels?

# Would you go Home with the Angels. Concluded.

Ask him in faith, Je - sus will save; His life for you he gave.

No. 21.

## HARP. C. M.

Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 A - maz - ing grace!(how sweet the sound!) That sav'd a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see,

FINE.

*Close with second strain D. S.*

Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see.

2

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!

4

The Lord has promised good to me;  
His word my hope secures:  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.

3

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

5

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

No. 22.

## WORKING WITH THEE.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



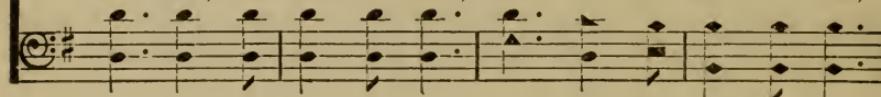
1 Work - ing, O Christ, with thee, Work - ing with thee,  
 2 A - long the cit - y's waste, Work - ing with thee,  
 3 Sav - iour, we wea - ry not, Work - ing with thee,  
 4 So let us la - bor on, Work - ing with thee,



Un - wor - thy, sin - ful, weak, Though we may be,  
 Our ea - ger foot - steps haste Like thee to be,  
 As hard as thine' own lot, Can nev - er be,  
 Till earth to thee is won, From sin set free;



Our all to thee we give, For thee a - lone would live,  
 The poor we gath - er in, The out - casts raise from sin,  
 Our joy and com - fort this, Thy grace suf - fi - cient is,  
 Till men, from shore to shore, Re - ceive thee and a - dore,



And by thy grace a - chieve, Work - ing with thee.  
 And la - bor souls to win, Work - ing with thee.  
 This chang - es toil to bliss, Work - ing with thee.  
 And join us ev - er - more, Work - ing with thee.

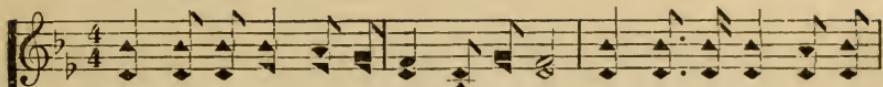


## No. 23

## REJOICE IN THE LORD.

E. A. BARNES.

H. J. KURZENKNABE.



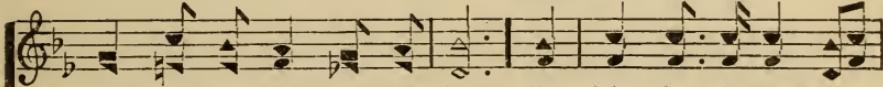
1 Shar-ing so free - ly the gifts of the Lord, Lov-ing the gos - pel that  
 2 Trust-ing the prom-ise that He will pro-vide, Need-ing and hav-ing a  
 3 Keep-ing the pre-cepts of wis-dom and love, Liv-ing that our light re-



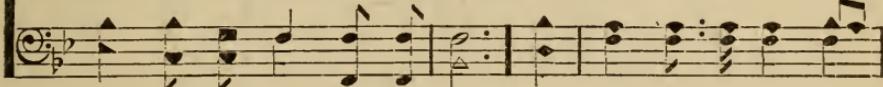
naught can de- stroy, Walk-ing as brothers in the light of the word, Oh,  
 lamp to our feet, Knowing the refuge where we ev - er can hide, Oh,  
 - splen-dent may shine, Com-ing as brothers to the king-dom a - bove, Oh,



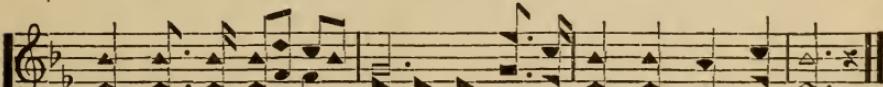
## CHORUS.



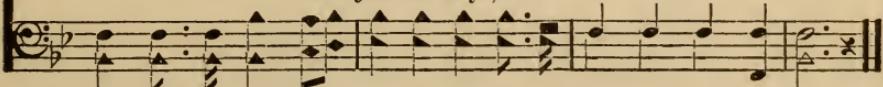
join in our cho - rus of joy! } Re - joice in the Lord al-  
 join in our cho - rus so sweet! }  
 join in our cho - rus di - vine! } re-



- ways, And a - gain I say, re - joice! Re -  
 - joice al - ways, re - joice!



- joice in the Lord al - ways, And a - gain I say, re - joice!  
 re - joice al - ways,



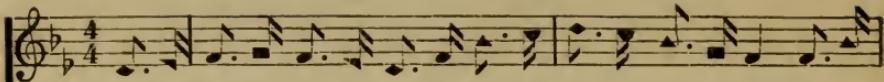
## No. 24.

## FOLLOW ME.

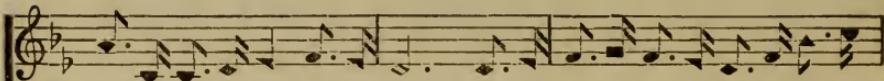
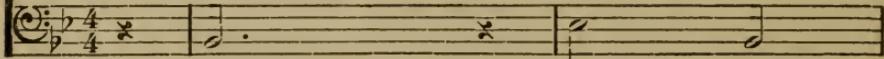
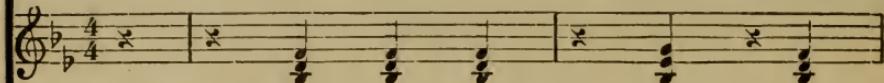
F. M. D.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

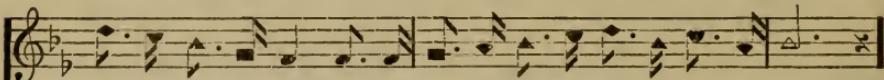
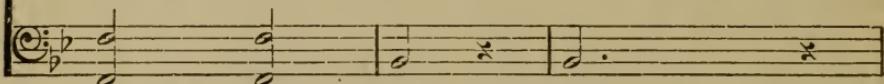
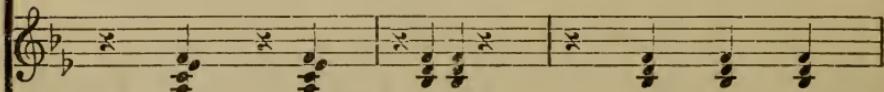
FRANK M. DAVIS.



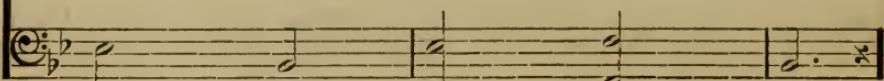
1 Je-sus taught the waiting peo- ple from a boat up-on the shore Of his  
 2 Soft the mur-mur of the waves that broke up-on the peb-bly shore Of the  
 3 Still the ech-o of those words are fall-ing on the sinner's ear, As they



own be-lov-ed blue Gal-li-lee; Great the multitude that gathered there to  
 Saviour's dear retreat, Gallilee; Mingling there with sweeter words than e'er from  
 fell up-on the blue Gal-li-lee; Floating down the tide of a-ges, hear them



hear his bless-ed words, As they sweetly echoed, Come, and fol-low me.  
 mortal lips have fell; Hear the tones still fall-ing, Come, and fol-low me.  
 ringing sweet and clear, Come, ye wandring straying ones, O, fol-low me.



# FOLLOW ME. Concluded.

## CHORUS.

Fol - low, fol - low me,

Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, Fall in ac - cents of the

sweet-est mel - o - dy; Hear the Sav- iour say - ing, as he  
mel - o - dy;

stands be - side sweet Gal - li - lee, O, come, and fol - low me.

## No. 25. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

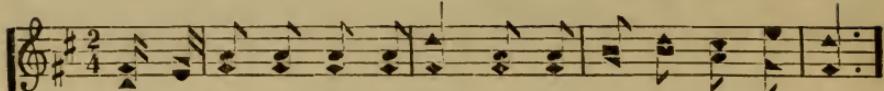
1 My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great; Whose  
2 God will not al - ways chide; And when his strokess are felt, His  
3 High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So  
4 His pow'r sub-dues our sins; And his for - giv - ing love, Far

an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.  
strokes are few - er than our crimes, And light - er than our guilt.  
far the rich - es of his grace Our high - est thoughtsex-ceed.  
as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.

# No. 26      We Are Marching To The Kingdom.

Mrs. MATILDA C. EDWARDS.

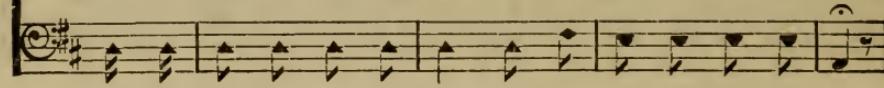
R. M. MCINTOSH.



1 We are marching to the king-dom, A lit - tle pil - grim band;  
2 Through a land of clouds and dark-ness, To bright-est joys a - bove;  
3 We have just be - gun the bat - tle, We are fighting for the crown;



And our Cap-tain walks be - fore us, To guide us through the land.  
And we have a ban-ner o'er us—The name of it is love.  
And we mean to gain the vic - tory Ere we lay our armor down.



CHORUS.



We are marching, we are marching, We are marching to the kingdom,



We are marching to the king-dom, A lit - tle pil - grim band.



# No. 27 IN THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

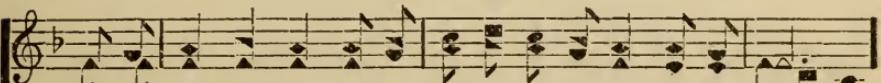
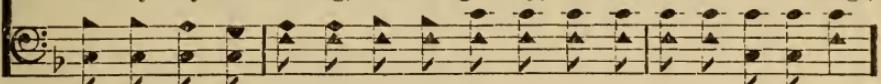
E. O. EXCELL.



1 In the shadow of his wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and  
2 In the shadow of his wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under  
3 In the shadow of his wings There is joy glad joy, There is joy to tell the



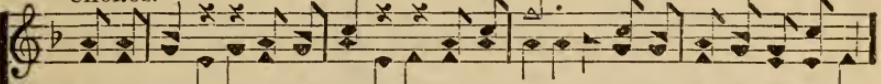
la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor, In the shadow of his wings, stand - ing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending, In the shadow of his wings, sto - ry Joy ex - ceed - ing, full of glo - ry, In the shadow of his wings,



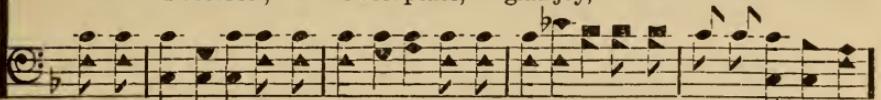
There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of his wings There is rest, sweet rest. There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of his wings There is peace, sweet peace. There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of his wings There is joy, glad joy.



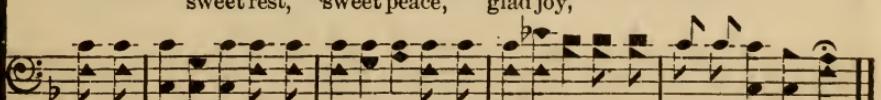
## CHORUS.



There is rest, There is peace, There is joy In the shadow of his wings; sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,



There is rest, There is peace, There is joy, In the shadow of his wings. sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,



The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff, labeled 'SOLO.', features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It contains a melodic line with various note heads and rests. The bottom staff, labeled 'HARMONIC.', features a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It contains a harmonic line with eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with 'and by,' appearing on the top staff and 'I am going by and by;' appearing on the bottom staff. The right side of the page contains the lyrics: 'I soon shall be at rest in thee,' 'No clouds o'er - cast the heav'n-ly skies,' and 'A - mid the shin - ing hosts up there.'

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal line is in common time, treble clef, and G major. The piano accompaniment is in common time, bass clef, and G major. The vocal part consists of a single melodic line with lyrics. The piano part features a harmonic progression with sustained notes and chords. The score is titled 'FULL.'

*SOLO.*  
*Slow, and with strong accent.*

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, 6/8 time, and G major. It features a continuous eighth-note pattern. The bottom staff is in bass clef, 6/8 time, and G major. It features a continuous eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are written below the staves.

I've no a - bid - ing cit - y here, I seek for one to come,  
This earth - ly home is fair and bright, Regrets will oft - en come,  
I know I ne'er shall wor - thy be To dwell 'neath heaven's dome,

## GOING HOME. Concluded.

A musical score for two sections: 'UET.' and 'FULL.'. The 'UET.' section consists of six measures of eighth-note chords in common time. The 'FULL.' section follows, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a dynamic marking 'f' (fortissimo) over the first measure. The score is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

And tho' my pil-grim-age be drear, I know there's rest at home.  
And, oh, I long to see the light That gilds my heav'nly home.  
But Christ, my Sav-iour, died for me, And now he calls me home.

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in 4/4 time, key of G major (two sharps). The vocal line starts with a forte dynamic (ff) and consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with eighth-note chords. The vocal line includes the words 'O'er the rampart we watch'd'.

I am go - ing home by and by, I am  
go-ing, go-ing home, go-ing, go-ing home,

go - ing home by and by, by and by; In  
go - ing, go - ing home,

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in G major and common time. The melody is shown on a single staff with a treble clef. The notes are represented by various symbols: solid black shapes, hollow shapes with a dot, and hollow shapes with a cross. The score consists of two measures followed by a repeat sign and a section of six measures. The first measure starts with a solid black note. The second measure starts with a hollow note with a cross. The third measure starts with a solid black note. The fourth measure starts with a hollow note with a cross. The fifth measure starts with a solid black note. The sixth measure starts with a hollow note with a cross. The seventh measure starts with a solid black note. The eighth measure starts with a hollow note with a cross. The ninth measure starts with a solid black note. The tenth measure starts with a hollow note with a cross. The eleventh measure starts with a solid black note. The twelfth measure starts with a hollow note with a cross. The thirteenth measure starts with a solid black note. The fourteenth measure starts with a hollow note with a cross. The fifteenth measure starts with a solid black note. The sixteenth measure starts with a hollow note with a cross. The sixteenth measure ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

heav'n a - bove Where all is love, I'm go - ing by and by.

## No. 29.

## BEAUTIFUL ZION.

F. M. D.

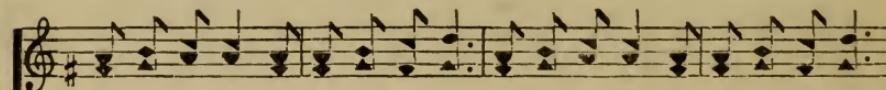
THOMAS F. SIMMS.



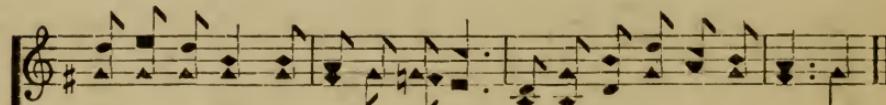
1 We sing thy praises, O Zi - on to-day, Beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful Zi - on;  
 2 How oft thy charms thro' faith we explore, Beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful Zi - on;  
 3 Sweet is the rest to the wea-ry be-low, Beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful Zi - on;



It helps to brighten the troublesome way, Beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful Zi - on.  
 We long, yes long for thy far away shore, Beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful Zi - on.  
 In thee no sorrow or suff'ring they know, Beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful Zi - on.



Glo-ri-ous things are spoken of thee, Beau-ti - ful cit - y o - ver life's sea ;  
 Soon we shall pass thy gates of pure gold, Soon will thy glories to us un-fold,  
 Earth can-not give the joys that are thine, In - fi-nite love and pleasures divine,



Sweet is your song, oh, Zi - on to me, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on.  
 We shall the Saviour's face then behold, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on.  
 When can we say, these treasures are mine, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on.



## No. 30

## THE SHELTERING ROCK.

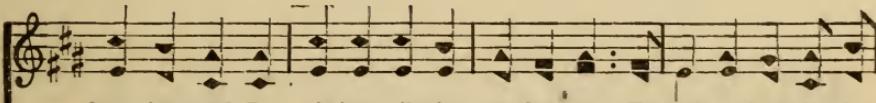
W. E. P.

*Slow. May be sung with good effect as a Solo.*

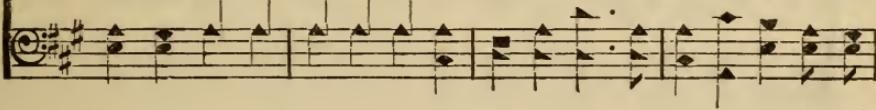
W. E. PENN, by per.



1 There is a Rock in a wea-ry land, Its shad-ow falls on the  
 2 There is a Well in a des-ert plain, Its wa-ters call with en-  
 3 A great fold stands with its por-tals wide, The sheep a-stray on the  
 4 There is a cross where the Sav-iour died, His blood flow'd out in a



burn-ing sand, In - vit-ing pilgrims as they pass To seek a shade in the  
 - treating strain, "Ho, ev'-ry thirsting sin-sick soul, Come freely drink, and thou  
 mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for his  
 crim-son tide A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free to all who will



## REFRAIN.



wil - der - ness.  
 shalt be whole." } Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?  
 wand'ring sheep. } en - ter in.



Slower.



When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?  
 When the liv - ing Well is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?  
 When the Shepherd's fold is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?  
 When the crim - son cross is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?



# No. 31. WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 We shall be like him! Oh, beau-tiful tho't! Well may our glad souls with  
 2 Aft - er the con - flict, in peace to sit down; Aft-er the cross, to be  
 3 Death, 'tis this tho't does a-way with thy sting; Make us triumphant to

rap - ture be wrought; Aft - er the sor - rows, the woes, and the tears,  
 wreathed with a crown: Aft - er the dust and the toil of the way,  
 meet thee and sing, Glo - ry to God, when the Jor - dan is passed,

REFRAIN.

We shall be like him, when Je - sus appears.  
 With him, and like him, for - ev - er to be. } We shall be like him, when  
 We shall go home and be like him at last. }

Je - sus ap-pears; We shall be like him, when Je - sus ap-pears.

# No. 32 They say there's a Land o'er the Ocean.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1 They say there's a land o'er the ocean, Where  
 2 They say we shall dwell there for ever, If we  
 3 They say we shall know all our loved ones, When we

won-ders and beau-ties are seen,  
 list to our Saviour's command,  
 meet on that bright golden shore,

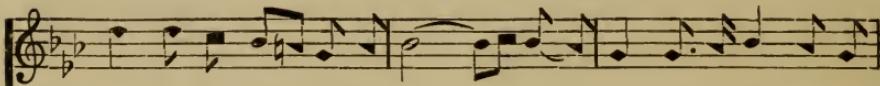
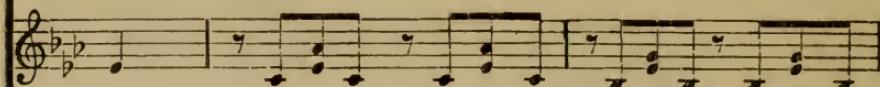
They say it's a glo-ri-ous  
 They say we shall ev-er be  
 They say we shall clasp hand so

E - den, Where none but the bless - ed con-vene.  
 hap - py, When safe in that beau-ti - ful land.  
 glad - ly, And to - geth - er re - joice ev - er - more.

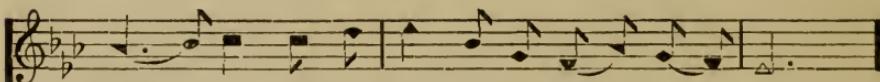
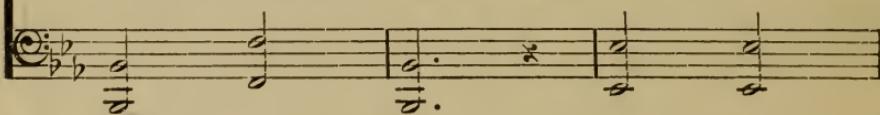
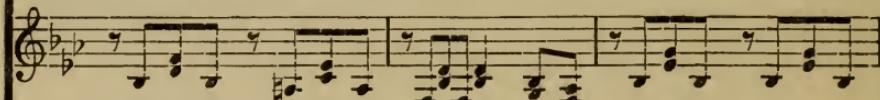
They say there's a Land o'er the Ocean. Continued.



Ma - ny friends for that land have de - part - ed, They have  
 'Tis there we shall meet lov-ing Je - sus, Who  
 Oh, let us pre - pare for the jour - ney, Let our



cross'd o - ver life's troubled sea, . . . Oh! let us sail o - ver and  
 suf-fer'd and died, us to save, . . . He will stand on the bright shore, and  
 hearts be kept loy - al and true, . . . Then the Saviour will watch and pro-



meet them, Je - sus' life - boat will car - ry us free.  
 hail us, As we ride o'er the last broken wave.  
 - tect us, Till the man-sions of Heaven are in view.



They say there's a Land o'er the Ocean. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then sail a - way o'er the o - - cean,  
Then sail, sail a - way o'er the o - - cean,

Where we'll join with the bright an - gel band,

Then sail a - way o'er the o - - cean,  
Then sail, sail a - way o'er the o - - cean,

To our home in that hap - py, hap - py land.

# No. 33 I WILL SING WITH JOY.

Rev. J. H. MAETIN, D.D.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 I will lift my voice in a song of praise, To my  
 2 I will bless the Lord and ex - tol his name, I will  
 3 In the house of God on the day of rest, With a

God and King I'll an an - them raise; By the morn - ing light, in the  
 land his deeds and re - sound his fame; I will sing his pow'r on his  
 grate - ful heart, with a joy - ful breast, I will sit and sing with the

eve - ning dim, I will sing with joy, I will wor - ship him.  
 throne a - bove, I will glad - ly tell of his grace and love.  
 hap - py throng, I will swell the notes of the chor - al song.

## REFRAIN.

With the sun by day, and the stars by night, In a

glad - some cho - rus at dawn - ing light, I will join with saints and with

# I WILL SING WITH JOY. Concluded.

ser - a - phim, In a psalm of praise, in a joy - ful hymn.

## No. 34. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

GRANT.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

1 { Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to  
 1 { Na - ked, poor de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from

D.C.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and

FINE.

leave and fol - low thee: } Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am -  
 hence, my all shalt be. }  
 heav'n are still my own!

D.C.

bi - tation, All I've sought, or hoped, or known:

2 Let the world despise and leave me:  
 They have left my Saviour too:  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
 Thou art not, like them untrue.  
 And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me,  
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure:  
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:  
 In thy service pain is pleasure—  
 With thy favor loss is gain.  
 I have called thee Abba, Father,—  
 I have set my heart on thee, [er  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gath -  
 All must work for good to me.

## No. 35.

## TRUST HIM.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

THOMAS F. SIMMS.



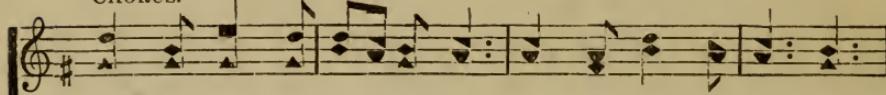
1 Pil - grim, thro this bar - ren land, Ban - ish care and sad - ness;  
 2 Tho' thy way be dark and drear, Tri - als deep surround - ing,  
 3 When all oth - er help - ers fail, When the tem - pest ra - ges,



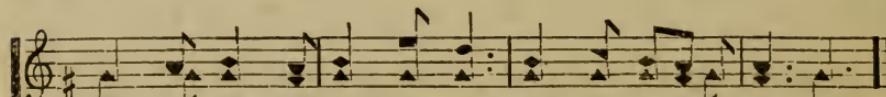
God thy keep - er nev - er sleeps, Press thy way with glad - ness.  
 Trust the eye that nev - er sleeps, Naught can be con-found - ing,  
 Seek a shel - ter by the Rock, Bless - ed Rock of A - ges.



CHORUS.



Trust him as you jour - ney on, Trust him, trust him ev - er;



God thy keep - er nev - er sleeps, He will fail thee nev - er.



# No. 36 LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER.

KATE CAMERON.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1 When our work is end-ed, we shall sweet-ly rest, 'Mid the saint-ed  
 2 Earth hath ma-ny sorrows, but they can-not last, And our great-est  
 3 When the storm is o-ver, sweet will be the calm, Aft-er life's long

spir-its, safe on Je-sus' breast; All our tri-als o-ver, we shall  
 troubles quickly will be past; If we look to Je-sus, he will  
 bat-tle, bright the vic-tor's palm: And the cross of anguish which now

glad-ly sing, Grave! where is thy vic-t'ry? Death, where is thy sting?  
 give us strength; By his grace we shall be con-quer-ors at length.  
 weighs us down, We'll ex-change in heav-en for a shin-ing crown.

CHORUS.

Tho' the dark waves roll high, we will be undismayed, "Let us pass over the river, And

rest under the shade, rest under the shade, Rest under the shade of the trees.

No. 37.

## THE GATES OF MERCY.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 You, who long in sin have wandered From the Saviour's fold a-way,  
 2 Far a-way in realms of glo-ry, An- gel voic-es chant the strain,  
 3 On the ear the tones are fall-ing Like sweet mu-sic from a-bove,

Come, the gates of mer-cy o - pen, O - pen wide for you to-day.  
 Come, the gates of mer-cy o - pen; Earth re-peats its glad re-frain.  
 Come, the gates of mer-cy o - pen, And ac-cept a Father's love.

CHORUS.

Come, ..... O come, to - day;  
 Come, O come, sin - ner, come to - day;

Come, O come, to - day; Come, the gates of mer-cy  
 Come, O come, sinner, come to - day; Come, the

*ritard ad libitum.*

o - - - - pen, O - pen wide for you to-day.  
 gates of mer-cy o - pen, you to-day.

## No. 38

## FLITTING AWAY

W. C. BRYANT.

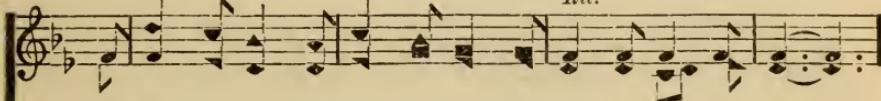
C. C. CLINE, by per.



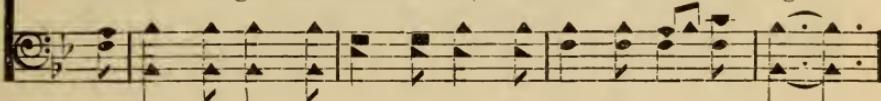
1 As shad - ows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the sum-mer grass,  
 2 And while the years, an end - less host, Come pressing swift-ly on,  
 3 Yet doth the star of Beth-l'em shed A lus - ter pure and sweet;  
 4 O Fa - ther ! may thy ho - ly star Grow ev - 'ry year more bright,



Rit.



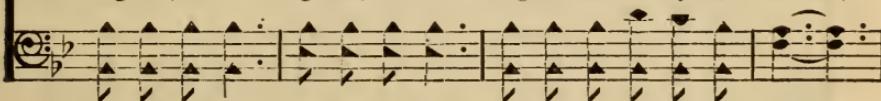
So, in thy sight, Almighty One, Earth's gen - e - ra - tions pass.  
 The brightest names that earth can boast, Just glist-en, and are gone.  
 And still it leads, as once it led, To the Mes - si - ah's feet.  
 And send its glo-ri-ous beams a - far, To fill the world with light.



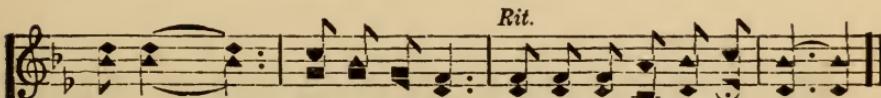
CHORUS.



1-2 Flit-ting, . . . flit - ting, . . . Flitting like shadows a - way ;  
 3-4 Brighter, . . . bright-er, . . . Brighter the ho - ly star shines ;



1-2 Flitting a - way, flit-ting a - way,  
 3-4 Brighter it shines, Brighter it shines,



Flit - ting, . . . flit-ting a-way, Flitting like shadows a - way.  
 Bright-er, . . . brighter it shines, Brighter the ho - ly star shines.



Flit-ting a - way.  
 Brighter it shines,

## No. 39

## OVER THE SEA.

E. ALBRIGHT.

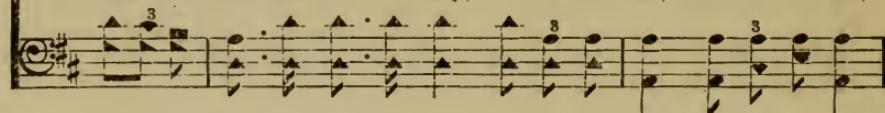
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



1 On the dis - tant heathen shore, Far be - yond the o - cean's roar,  
 2 Bear the glad and joy - ful sound, That a Sav - iour has been found,  
 3 Then shall dawn the hap - py day, When the bright mil - len - nial ray



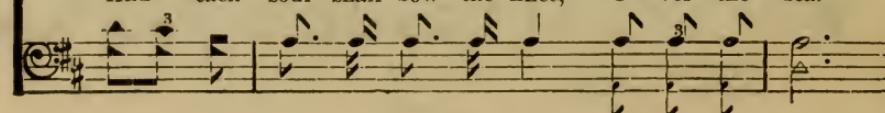
God has o - pened wide a door, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,  
 To the souls in er - ror bound, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,  
 Shall the dark-ness drive a - way, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,



Go, ye Christians, true and brave Cross the blue and roll - ing wave,  
 That the glo - rious gos - pel bright, By its sav - ing pow'r and might,  
 When the earth, redeem'd and free, Shall Mes - si - ah's king-dom be,



And those ma - ny mil - lions save, O - ver the sea.  
 May dis - pel the sin of night, O - ver the sea.  
 And each soul shall bow the knee, O - ver the sea.



# OVER THE SEA. Concluded.

## CHORUS.

Over the sea, Over the sea,  
 Over the sea, Over the sea,

And those ma - ny mil-lions save, Over the sea,  
 Over the sea,

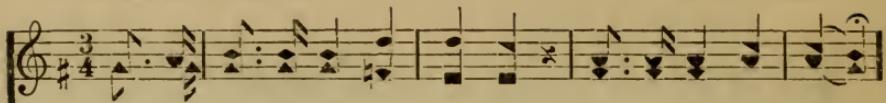
Over the sea, Over the sea,  
 Over the sea, Over the sea,

And those ma - ny mil-lions save, Over the sea, Over the sea.

# No. 40. I AM TRUSTING THEE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

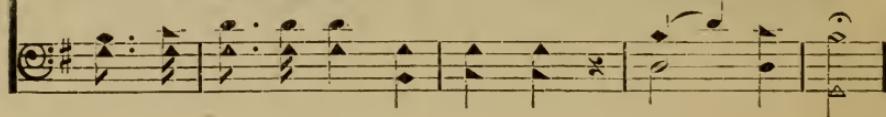
R. M. MCINTOSH.



1 I am trust-ing thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly thee,  
 2 I am trust-ing thee for par - don ; At thy feet I bow,  
 3 I am trust-ing thee for cleansing, In the crim-son flood,  
 4 I am trust-ing thee to guide me Thou a - lone shalt lead,  
 5 I am trust-ing thee, Lord Je - sus ; Nev - er let me fall



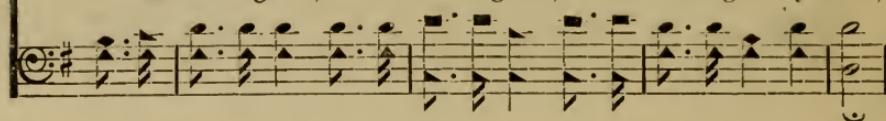
Trust - ing thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.  
 For thy grace and ten - der mer - cy Trust - ing now.  
 Trust - ing thee to make me ho - ly By thy blood.  
 Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.  
 I am trust - ing thee for - ev - er, And for all.



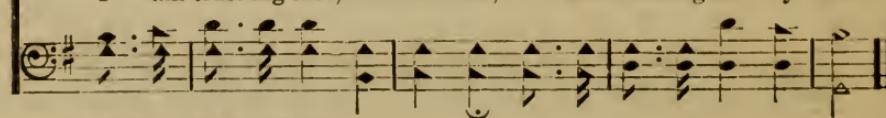
## REFRAIN.



I am trust-ing thee, I am trust-ing thee, I am trust-ing on - ly thee;

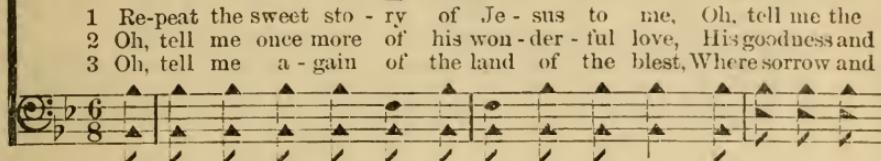


I am trust-ing thee, Lord Je - sus, I am trust-ing on - ly thee.



Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

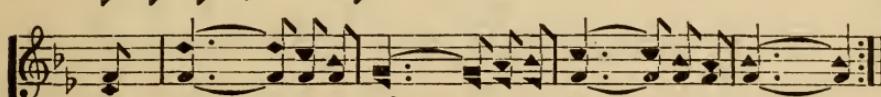
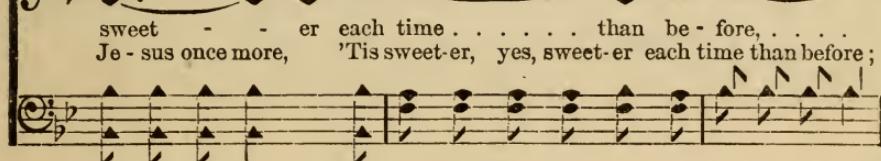
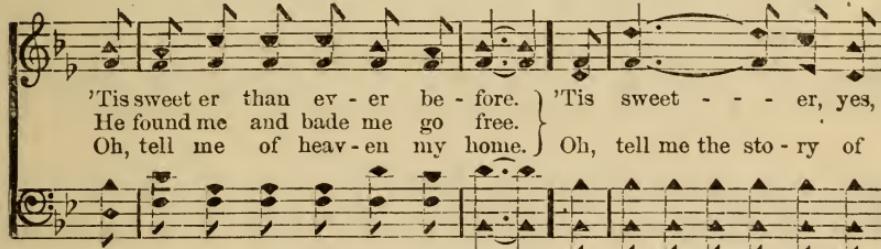
PEARL J. SPRAGUE, by per.



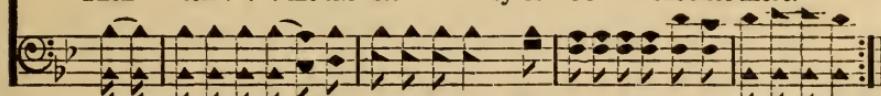
sto - ry once more; Tho' oft - en I've heard it, each time it is told,  
 mer - cy to me; When hopeless - ly lost in the dark-ness of sin,  
 sin nev - er come; Where I with the Sav-iour shall ev - er-more dwell,



CHORUS.



Then tell . . . me the sto - - ry of Je - - sus once more.



1 How he died on the tree for sinners like me, Oh, tell me the story of Jesus once more.

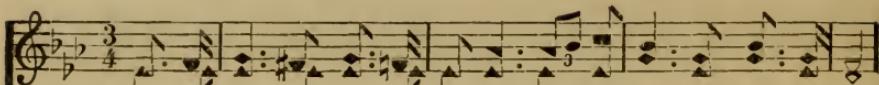
2 How his wonderful love bro't him from above.

3 Where I with the blest shall evermore rest.

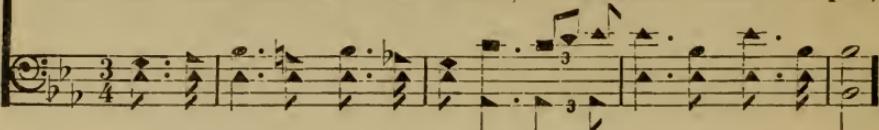
## No. 42. Shall We Know Each Other There.

Mrs. ANNIE E. THOMSON.

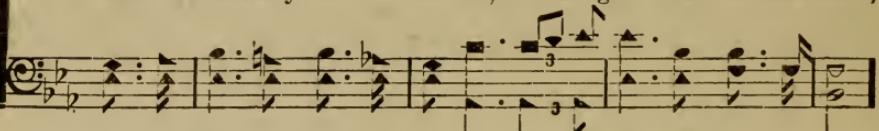
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1 When we've cross'd death's solemn river, When this troubled life is o'er,  
2 Shall we meet our saint-ed mother, Who for ma-ny years hath slept,  
3 Shall we see them robed in splendor, With no shad-ows on their brow,  
4 He who soothes us in af-flictions, He whose love doth ne'er de-part,



And we go to dwell for-ev-er, Where the wea-ry weep no more;  
Fa-ther, sis-ter dear, and brother, Whom we oft have mourn'd and wept?  
Meet their lov-ing smiles so ten-der; Which our hearts are crav-ing now,  
Breath his heavenly ben-e-dictions, O'er each griev'd and wounded heart;



In those bright and heavenly pla-ces, Where the skies are al-ways fair,  
Those un-to our hearts yet dear-er, Who our griefs were wont to share;  
List to tones whose mu-sic on-ly Chased a-way each shade of care;  
He who's left such bless-ed promise, Gives us bliss be-yond com-pare;



Shall we greet fa-mil-iar fa-ces? Shall we know each oth-er there?  
In that fade-less light and clearer, Shall we know each oth-er there?  
That have left the world so lone-ly, Shall we know each oth-er there?  
He this joy will not take from us, We shall know each oth-er there.



# Shall We Know Each Other There. Concluded.

## CHORUS.

Shall we know each oth - er there?  
Last Verse. We shall know each oth - er there,

Shall we know each oth - er there?  
We shall know each oth - er there,

Shall we greet fa - mil - iar fa - ces, Where the skies are al - ways fair?  
We shall greet fa - mil - iar fa - ces, Where the skies are al - ways fair?

Shall we know each oth - er there?  
We shall know each oth - er there,

Shall we know each oth - er there?  
We shall know each oth - er there,

Shall we know each oth - er, each oth - er there?  
We shall know each oth - er, each oth - er there,

Shall we know each oth - er, each oth - er there?  
We shall know each oth - er, each oth - er there,

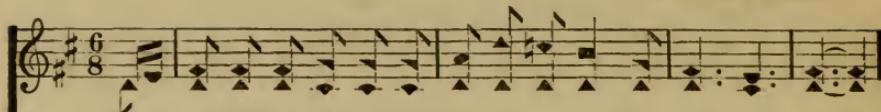
No. 43

## HE'S WATCHING O'ER ME.

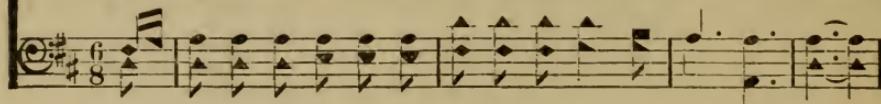
J. C. B.

(CHILD'S SONG.)

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.



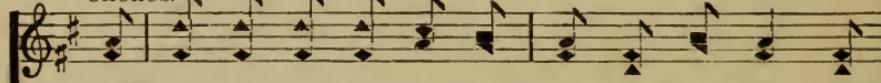
1 The Saviour is watching by night and by day Wher-e'er we roam,  
 2 While here up- on earth lit-tle children could come And share his love;  
 3 My song shall for- ev - er and ev - er-more be To him a - bove,



And ten- der- ly fol-lows wher-ev - er we stray, And brings us home.  
 And now he has gone to pre- pare them a home In heav'n a - bove.  
 Who came down to save a poor sin - ner like me, Oh, won- lrous love!



CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus my Sav - iour, is watch - ing o'er me, Is



watching o'er me wher - ev - er I roam; Yes, Je-sus my Sav-iour, is



# HE'S WATCHING O'ER ME. Concluded.

watch-ing o'er me, And call-ing me, call-ing me home.

## No. 44. ANTIOCH. C. M.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;  
 2 Joy to the earth, the Sav-iour reigns! Let men their songs em-ploy:  
 Let ev - ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing.  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hill, and plains, Re - peat the sounding joy.  
 And heav'n and na -  
 Re - peat the sound -  
 And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.  
 Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.  
 - ture sing, . . . . .  
 - ing joy, . . . . .  
 - ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.  
 - ing joy, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat the sound-ing joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
 Nor thorns infest the ground:  
 He comes to make his blessings flow,  
 Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace;  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of his righteousness,  
 And wonders of his love.

## No. 45.

## REDEEMING MERCY.

J. H. MARTIN, D.D.

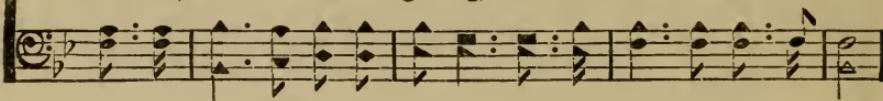
R. M. MCINTOSH.



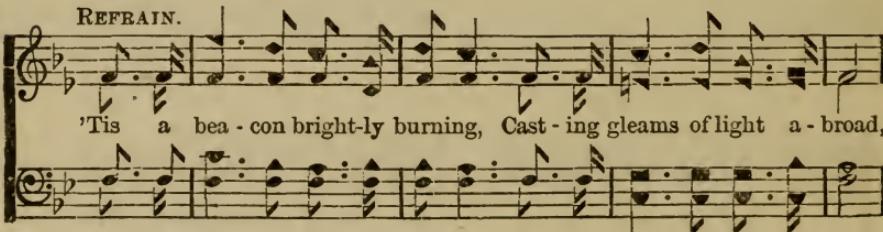
1 Bright-ly shines re-deeming mer - cy From the cross of Cal - va - ry,  
 2 See that cross illum'd with splendor, Blaz - ing with the love of God,  
 3 Look, my soul, a-dore and wonder, Praise and bless Immanuel's name,  
 4 He has purchas'd our sal - va-tion, Ransom'd us from sin and hell,  
 5 On the trag - ic scene a - mazing, On the cross of Cal - va - ry,



Beams of ra-diance ev - er streaming Dart on ev - 'ry land and sea.  
 View the Sav-iour, kind and ten-der, Pour-ing forth his pre-cious blood.  
 Quake not at the law's dread thunder, Tremble not at Si - nai's flame.  
 Give him thanks and ad - o - ra-tion, Saints with him in bliss shall dwell.  
 Sin - ner, with con-tri-tion gaz-ing, Trust in him that died for thee.



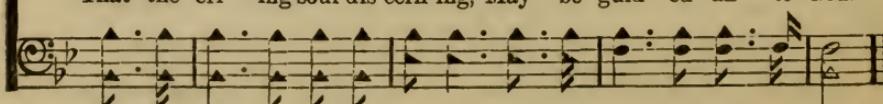
## REFRAIN.



'Tis a bea - con bright-ly burning, Cast - ing gleams of light a - broad,



That the err - ing soul dis-cern-ing, May be guid - ed un - to God.



# No. 46. GO WASH IN THE BLOOD.

J. H. MARTIN, D.D.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 Have you looked to Je-sus for his heal-ing grace? Have you  
 2 Have you fled to Je-sus from the wrath to come? Have you  
 3 Have you come to Je-sus for re-lief and rest? Do you

gone to the Lord for a cure? Are you long-ing, thirsting to be-sought the for-give-ness of sin? Are you toil-ing, striv-ing for a trust in his mer-cy and love? Are you hum-bly lean-ing on the

D.S.—In the cleans-ing fountain, In the

hold his face? Do you want to be spot-less and pure?  
 heav'n-ly home? Do you wish life and glo-ry to win?  
 Sav-iour's breast? Are you seek-ing a king-dom a-bove?  
 heal-ing blood, That was shed by the cru-ci-fied One.

FINE.

REFRAIN. D.S.

Go and wash in the blood That was shed by the crucified One,  
 Go and wash in the blood,

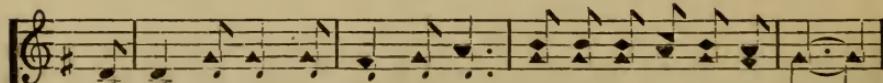
# No. 47. I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

HARRIET E. JONES.

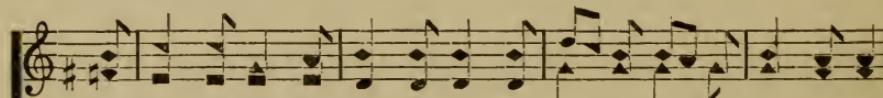
FRANK M. DAVIS.



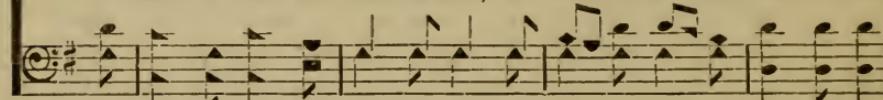
1 Come un - to me, come un - to me, I am the light of the world;  
 2 I come to let the cap - tive free, I am the light of the world;  
 3 Come un - to me, ye sick, and blind, I am the light of the world;



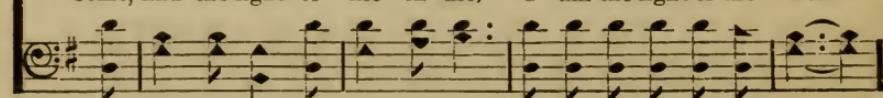
Your com - ing Sav-iour waits for thee; I am the light of the world;  
 To bless the man who trusts in me, I am the light of the world;  
 There need not one be left be-hind, I am the light of the world;



I wait to guide thy feet a-right, To lead from paths of drear - y night,  
 I wait this mo-ment to il-lume, And all thy in - ward foes consume;  
 I came to suf - fer much for thee, I came to set the sin - ner free;



And give to thee a robe of white, I am the light of the world.  
 Your heart and voice to praise at-tune, I am the light of the world.  
 Come, find the light of life in me, I am the light of the world.



## No. 48

## WILL YOU BE THERE?

Words furnished by T. C. HORTON.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1 Beyond this life of hope and fears, Beyond this world of grief and tears,  
 2 Its gold - en gates are closed to sin, Naught that defiles can en - ter in  
 3 No drooping form, no tear-ful eye, No hoar - y head, no wea - ry sigh,  
 4 Who shall be there? The lowly here, All those who serve the Lord with fear,  
 5 Will you be there? You can, you may, For He who is the truth, the way,

There is a re - gion fair; It knows no change and no de - cay,  
 To mar its beau - ty rare; Up - on that bright e - ter - nal shore,  
 No pain, no grief, no care, But joys which mor-tals may not know,  
 So that his love they share; Who, gaz - ing on the cru - ei - fied,  
 Your sins did ful - ly bear. O hear his voice sound sweetly "Come,

No night, but one un - end - ing day: Oh, say, will you be there?  
 Earth's bit - ter curse is known no more: Oh, say, will you be there?  
 Like riv - ers ev - er on-ward flow: Oh, say, will you be there?  
 By faith can say, "For me he died:" These, these shall all be there.  
 I am the way," I'll lead you home; With me you shall be there.

CHORUS.

Will you

Will you?

Will you be there, will you be there, Will you be there, will you be there?

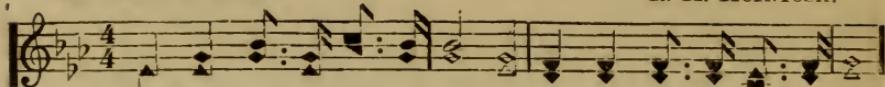
In that e - ter - nal home so fair: Oh say, will you be there!  
 will you, will you be there?

No. 49

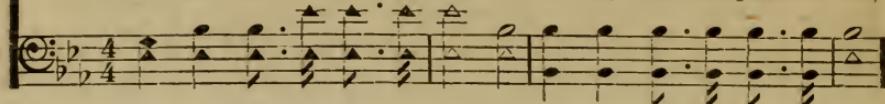
## THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

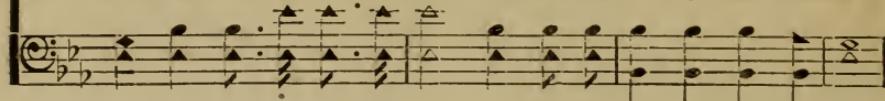
R. M. MCINTOSH.



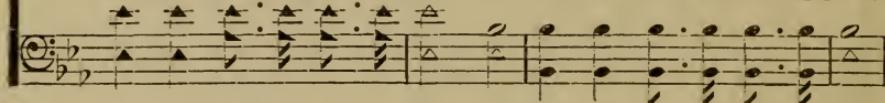
Thith - er came he, oft - en, hop - ing That some fruit thereon might be.  
 I with care will tend and keep it, Till the bud and bloom ap-pear.  
 Seek - ing fruit he oft - en com - eth, Find - ing on - ly use - less leaves.



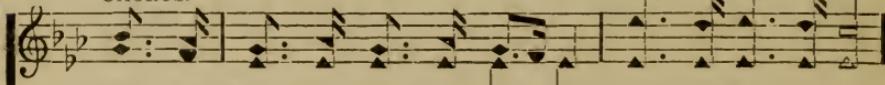
Fruit, not blos-som, went he seek - ing, On - ly leaves thereon he found ;  
 Then if ri-peued fruit be show - ing, It is well, my Lord will own,  
 Let thy dews of grace fall on me. Till some fruits di-vine ap-pear ;



To his dress - er, hear him speak - ing, Lo, it cum - ber - eth the ground.  
 If but leaves are on it grow - ing, Af - ter that, Lord, cut it down.  
 Let thy patience rest up - on me, Try me, Lord, a - noth - er year.



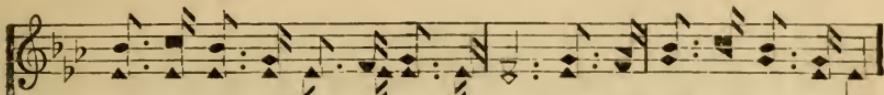
CHORUS.



If the Mas - ter to our vine - yard, Should this day come down,



# THE BARREN FIG-TREE. Concluded.



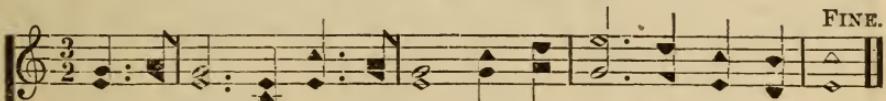
Seek-ing, look-ing, ask-ing for his own. Read-y for his eye are we?



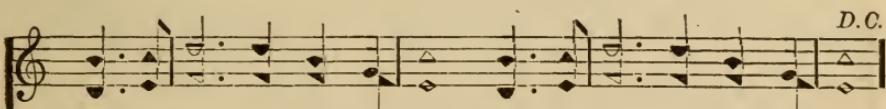
Is there fruit up-on our tree? Will he bid the dress-er cut it down?



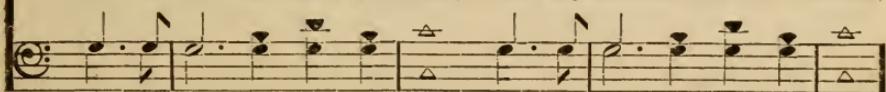
## No. 50. ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.



1 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me. Let me hide my - self in thee:  
D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side which flowed,



2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and thou alone :  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

# No. 51 WE'LL GATHER THEM IN.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 We'll gath - er the chil - dren of want and sin Out of dark - ness and  
 2 We'll gath - er them in to the roy - al feast, Where the bounties of  
 3 We'll gath - er the halt, and the sick and blind, From the wear - i - some  
 4 We'll gath - er the sad and the wear - y ones To the feet of the

out of gloom; We'll bring them in joy to the Master's home; In his house there is  
 grace are spread, Where perishing souls with the bread of life In the ten-der- est  
 paths of sin, To Jesus, their Saviour and loving Friend, We will gather these  
 blessed Lord; He'll pardon their sin and renew their hearts; 'Tis the hope of his

REFRAIN.

am - ple room.  
 love are fed.  
 lost ones in.  
 pre - cious Word. } We will gath-er them in to the feast of the King,

From the highways and by-ways of sin, From the hedgees and the lances,

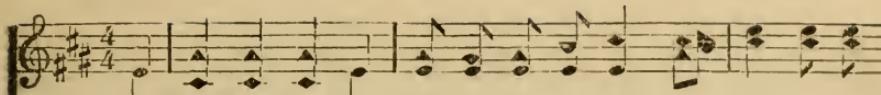
From the mountains and the plains, We will gather wear-y trav'lers in.

## No. 52

## MY HOUSE ON A ROCK.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.



stand for ev - er; The floods may come, and the rolling thunder'sshock,  
 - chang-ing ev - er, Hath said my house on the sol - id rock shall stand;  
 stand for ev - er; The floods may come, and the rolling thunder'sshock,

May beat up - on my house that is built up - on a rock,  
 He'll hold it by his might in the hol - low of his hand,  
 May beat up - on my house that is built up - on a rock,

CHORUS.

And 'twill nev - er fall, Nev - er fall, Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er; Itsfoun-

- dation issure, And will stand for ever more, Yes, it will stand for ev - er.

No. 53

## IT IS BETTER FURTHER ON.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1 Hark! a voice from E - den steal - ing,

1 Hark! a voice from E - den steal - ing,  
Such as but to an - gels known,

Such as but to an - gels known,

Such as but to an - gels known.

Hope its song of cheer is sing - ing,

Hope its song of cheer is sing - ing,

"It is bet - ter fur - ther on."

"It is bet - ter fur - ther on."

CHORUS.

It is bet - - - - - ter fur - ther on,  
It is bet - ter fur - ther on,

# IT IS BETTER FURTHER ON. Concluded.

It is bet - - - - ter fur - ther on,  
It is bet - ter fur - ther on,  
It is bet - - - - ter fur - ther on,  
It is bet - ter fur - ther on,  
It is bet - ter fur - ther on.

2 Hope is singing, still is singing,  
Softly in an under tone;  
Singing as if God had taught it,  
"It is better further on."

3 Night and day it sings the same song,  
Sings it when I sit alone;  
Sings it so the heart may hear it,  
"It is better further on."

4 On the grave it sits and sings it,  
Sings it when the heart would groan;  
Sings it when the shadows darken,  
"It is better further on."

5 Further on! Oh! how much further?  
Count the mile-stones one by one;  
No! no counting, only trusting,  
"It is better further on."

No. 54      Walk in the Marvelous Light.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1 Walk in the light! and thou shalt know . . . . The  
 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own . . . . Thy  
 3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb . . . . No  
 4 Walk in the light! thy path shall be . . . . Peace -

fel - low-ship of love; His Spir - it on - ly can be -  
 dark - ness passed a - way, Be - cause that light hath on thee  
 fear - ful shade shall wear; Glo - ry shall chase a - way the  
 - ful, se-rene, and bright, For God, by grace, shall dwell in

stow, . . . . Who reigns in light a - bove.  
 shone . . . . In which is per - fect day.  
 gloom, . . . . For Christ hath con-quer'd there.  
 thee, . . . . And God him - self is light.

CHORUS.

Walk . . . in the light, . . . . Walk . . . in the light,  
 Walk in the light, the marvelous light, Walk in the light, the marvelous light,

Walk in the mar - vel - ous light, the light of God;

# Walk in the Marvelous Light. Concluded.

Walk . . . in the light. . . . Walk . . . in the light, the mar-vel-ous light, Walk in the light, the mar-vel-ous light, Walk in the mar-vel-ous light, the light of God. mar-vel-ous light,

## No. 55. ARLINGTON. C. M.

Once more we come be - fore our God ; Once more his bless - ings ask :  
 2 Fa - ther, thy quick'ning Spir - it send From heav'n in Je - sus' Name,  
 3 May we re - ceive the word we hear, Each in an hon - est heart ;  
 4 To seek thee all our hearts dis - pose. To each thy blessings suit,

O may not du - ty seem a load, Nor worship prove a task !  
 To make our wait - ing minds at - tend, And put our souls in frame.  
 And keep the pre - cious treas - ure there, And nev - er with it part.  
 And let the seed thy ser - vant sows Pro - duce a - bun - dant fruit.

# No. 56 HEAR THE MASTER CALLING.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 Hear the Mas - ter call-ing, for toil - ers call-ing, Oh! so  
2 He has long been call-ing, for work - ers call-ing, Oh! so  
3 Je - sus still is call-ing, for ser-vants call-ing, In his

loud - ly call-ing to you and me! En-ter now in the vine-yard and no  
gen - tly call-ing and ten - derly! And the hours have been speeding, quickly  
love he's call-ing to you and me; Haste! the day is de-clin-ing, and ere

lon - ger i - dle be, But for Je - sus la - bor faith-ful - ly.  
has - ten - ing a - way, And we've wasted all the pre-cious day.  
long it will be gone, And the dark and dreaded night come on!

REFRAIN.

He is call-ing, He is call-ing, Call-ing now for you and me!

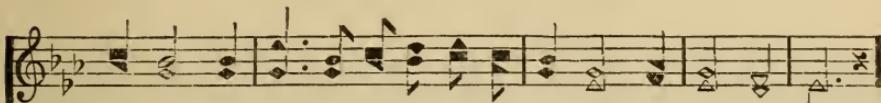
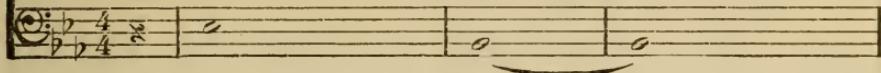
He is call-ing, He is call-ing! Call-ing now for you and me.

# No. 57 Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

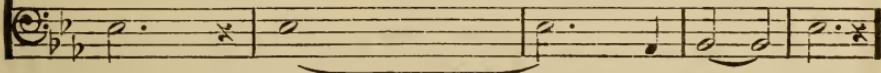
H. BONAR, D. D.  
DUET.

Arr. from BUSHEY, by R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 Be - yond the smiling and the weeping, Be - yond the waking and the  
 2 Be - yond the blooming and the fad- ing, Be - yond the shining and the  
 3 Be - yond the parting and the meeting, Be - yond the farewell and the



sleep-ing, Be-yond the sowing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon.  
 shad-ing, Be-yond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon.  
 greet-ing, Be-yond the pulse's fe-ver'd beating, I shall be soon.



## CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet. sweet home !

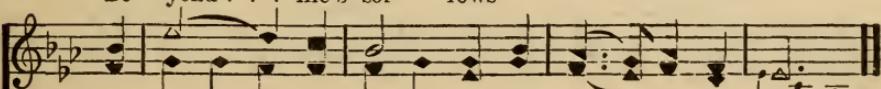


I'll be rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing, Where sad part-ing can-not come,



Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, home, sweet home,

Be - yond . . . life's sor - rows



Be - yond life's sor-rows I shall rest, In heav - en my home.

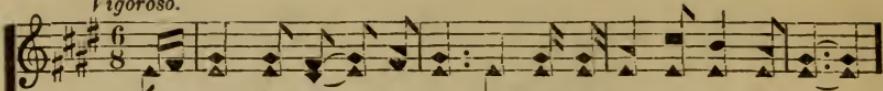


home, sweet home.

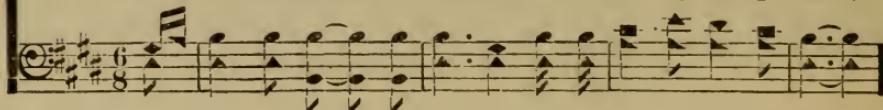
# No. 58 GO GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

*Vigoroso.*



1 The fields are ripe with the har-vest, And the Mas-ter calls a - gain:  
 2 In youth's bright gold - en morning, Hear the Saviour's voice so plain:  
 3 While suff'ring is a - round us, Shall the Mas-ter call in vain?  
 4 If we would dwell in heav-en With the ho - ly an - gel train,



"Why stand here i - dly wait - ing? Go gath-er the gold - en grain!"  
 "If you love not one an - oth - er, Who'll gath-er the gold - en grain?"  
 Lending aid for fall - en broth-ers, Is gath-er - ing gold - en grain.  
 We must la - bor in the vineyard, Must gath-er the gold - en grain.



Go work, . . . . .  
CHORUS.

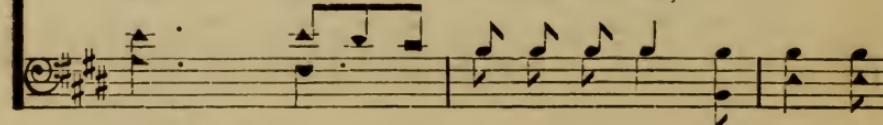
It

Go work, go work in my vine - - - - yard, It  
 Go work, work, work in my vine - yard,



will . . . . .

will not be, will not be vain, . . . . . The fields are  
 will not will not be vain,



# GO GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN. Concluded.

ripe with the har - vest, Go gath - er the gold - en grain.

No. 59.

## TAKE ME AS I AM.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un less thou help me I must die ;  
 2 Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for methy blood was spilt,  
 3 If thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new,  
 4 And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle o'er, the vict'ry won,

FINE.

Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.  
 And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am.  
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am.  
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Oh, take me as I am.

D.S.—Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

Take me as I am, . . . . Take me as I am, . . . .  
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am,

# No. 60 When the Mists have Cleared away.

ANNIE HERBERT.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the sum - mit of the  
 2 If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are  
 3 When the mists shall rise a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knowshis

hills, And the sun - shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in  
 dust; If we miss the law of kind - ness, When we  
 own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall

beau - ty on the rills, We may read love's shining let - ter  
 strug - gle to be just, Snowy wings of love shall cov - er  
 know as we are known; Lo! be-yond the o-ri-ent meadows

In the rain - bow of the spray; We shall know each oth - er  
 All the faults that cloud our day, When the wea - ry watch is  
 Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart, we bide the

REFRAIN.

bet - ter, When the mists have clear'd a - way.  
 o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a - way.  
 shad - ows Till the mists have clear'd a - way. } We shall

# When the Mists have Cleared away. Concluded.

Sheet music for a vocal piece. The music is in common time, key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line is in soprano range. The piano accompaniment is in basso continuo range. The lyrics are as follows:

know . . . . as we are known, . . . . Nev - er  
We shall know as we are known,  
more . . . . to walk a - lone; . . . . In the  
Nev - er more to walk a - lone;  
dawn - - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists . . . . have  
In the dawning have clear'd away,  
cleared a - way; In the dawn - - ing of the  
In the dawning  
morn-ing, When the mists . . . . have clear'd a - way.  
have clear'd a-way,

No. 61.

## I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 I dare not i - dle stand, While here, on ev - 'ry hand,  
 2 I dare not i - dle stand, While o - ver all the land  
 3 I dare not i - dle stand, But at my Lord's command,

The whitening fields de - clare the har - vest near; (har - vest near;  
 Poor wand'r-ing souls need hum - ble help like mine; (help like mine;  
 For him I'll la - bor on through life's short day; (life's short day;)

A glean - er I would be, And gath - er, Lord, for thee, Lest  
 Far bright - er than the gem In monarch's di - a - dem, Each  
 The eve will come at last, When la - bor all is passed, And

CHORUS.

I with empt-y hands ap - pear. } Gath - - - - - 'ring for the  
 soul in Je-sus' crown may shine. } rest will then my toil re - pay. } Gath'ring for the Lord,

Mas - - - - - ter, For . . . . . the home on  
 Gath - 'ring for the Lord, For the home on high, yes,

## I DARE NOT IDLE STAND. Concluded.

high; Gath - - - - - 'ring for the  
 for the home on high; Gath'-ring for the Lord,  
 Mas - - - - ter; Gath'ring for his gar - ner in the sky.  
 Gath'ring for the Lord,

No. 62. RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS,

A musical score for 'The Stormy Wind' in 6/4 time. The top staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music consists of two staves with various notes and rests. The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the musical phrases.

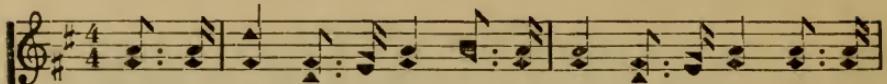
There is a calm a sure retreat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-sea

There is a calm, a sure retreat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.  
A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.  
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy-seat.  
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

# No. 63 THE WELCOME REFRAIN.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D. D.

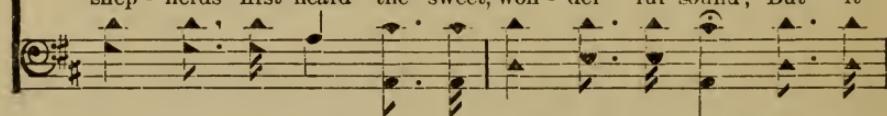
R. M. MCINTOSH.



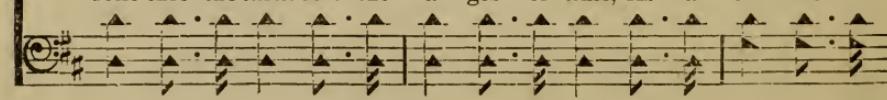
1 Hear the ju - bi - lant song that the ser - a - phim sang, When at  
2 'Twas a hymn of sal - va - tion that ech - oed a - round, And the



mid - night the air with sweet mel - o - dy rang, As the  
shep - herds first heard the sweet, won - der - ful sound; But it



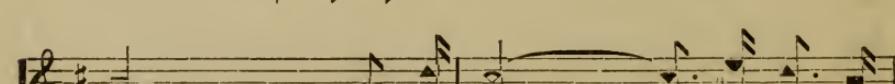
her - alds of heav - en glad tid - ings they bring, For they pub - lish the  
rolls thro' the earth and the a - ges of time, As a cho - rus of



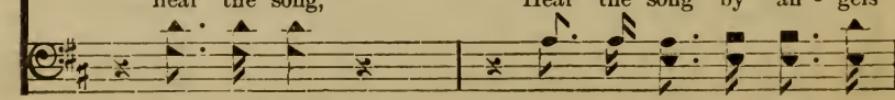
## REFRAIN.



birth of a Sav - iour and King. } Hear the song, hear the  
glad - ness, an an - them sub-lime. } Hear the song,



song, Hear the song . . . . by an - gels  
hear the song, Hear the song by an - gels



## THE WELCOME REFRAIN. Concluded.

A musical score for 'Hear the Song' featuring three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'Hear the song, hear the song, hear the song,' are repeated across the staves, with 'Hear the song' on the first and third staves and 'hear the song' on the second staff. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

DUET, SOPRANO & ALTO.

DUET, SOPRANO & ALTO.

Let us hear with de-light, let us wake now the strain,  
Of the heav-en-ly mu-sic, the wel-come re-frain;

## FULL CHORUS.

Full Chorus.

Let us join with the an-gels and joy-ful-ly sing

To the glo-ry of Je-sus, our Sav-iour and King.

## No. 64

## SOME DAY.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

DUET.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

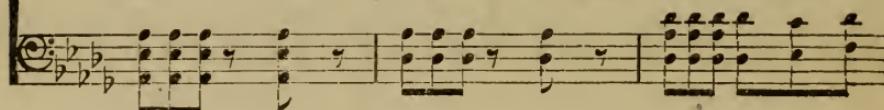


1 I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all  
 2 Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be  
 3 Some day I say, con-tent to wait The op'-ning  
 4 When comes the time for me to go, The home-ward



cres.

vain - ly to re - peat; Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing  
 lost and heav - en won; And when the long rough way is  
 of the jas - per gate; Come soon or late, that day will  
 path I may not know, But in God's hand my own I'll



say, I'll sing it if God wills some day.  
 trod, I shall be - hold the face of God.  
 be The dawn of end less rest to me.  
 lay, And he will lead me home some day.



CHORUS.



Someday, some hap - py day to be, My voice will learn its mel-o-  
 Some happy day, a day to be, My voice will learn its



# SOME DAY. Concluded.

- dy, And I shall sing the songs so sweet, Of rest and heav'n, at Jesus' feet.  
mel-o-dy.

## No. 65. ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1 O love, surpass-ing knowl-edge! O grace, so full and free!  
2 O won-der-ful sal - va - tion! From sin he makes me free!  
3 O blood of Christ so pre-cious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry!

I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!  
I feel the sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e-nough for me!  
I feel its cleansing pow - er, And that's e-nough for me!

D.S.—I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!

FINE.

REFRAIN.

And that's e-nough for me! And that's e-nough for me!

## No. 66.

## BY THEIR FRUITS.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 By their fruits ye shall know them, was the Saviour's words When he taught the waiting  
 2 Neith-er shall ev - ery one that cri - eth to the Lord, Be found mete for heav-en,  
 3 By their fruits God shall judge the peo - ple by and by, When the trum-pet call from

peo - ple on the mount; On - ly they who the Father's will shall glad-ly do, Shall find  
 in the judgment day; O, be warned, then, dear brother, let your robes be clean, Lest in  
 heav-en shall be heard, And the tree that is bring-ing forth the e - vil fruit To de -

## CHORUS.

life e - ter - nal at the Liv - ing Fount. } By their fruits we shall  
 out - er dark-ness you be cast a-way. } By their fruits we shall  
 - struc-tion, shall be hurled, so saith the word. }

know them, Say - eth the Sav - iour in his word; By their  
 know them, we shall know them,

fruits God shall judge them, At the com-ing of the Lord.  
 By their fruits God shall judge them, God shall judge them,

## No. 67

## BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1 Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert  
 2 Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help him the lit - tle  
 3 Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain

dark and drear, Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray,  
 lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,  
 wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee,

## CHORUS.

Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way, }  
 Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold? } Bring them in,  
 "Go find my lambs wher - e'er they be. }

Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin!

Bring them in. Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je - sus.

## No. 68

## SWEET REST.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

R. M. MCINTOSH.



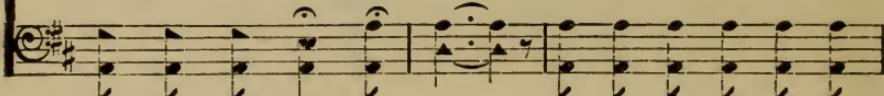
1 Come un - to me, all ye wea - ry and worn; All ye that la - bor and  
 2 Ea - sy my yoke, and my bur - den is light; I am the Way in the  
 3 List-en! oh! list - en! 'tis Je - sus to - day Calls you from sorrows of



all that mourn, All who have laid their sweet treasures a - way,  
 dark - some night: Fol - low me, trust-ing wher - ev - er I lead,  
 earth a - way, All, all are bid - den to seek the bright goal,—



Far from the light of day; Bring me your bur - den, ye  
 Giv - ing you all ye need; And if thy path-way seem  
 Rest for the wea - ry soul! Come, and drink now of the



faint-ing and weak; I a - lone prom-ise the rest ye seek;  
 rug-ged and drear, Fol - low, still fol - low the voice you hear,  
 Riv - er of Life; Cast off the bur - dens of sin and strife;



# SWEET REST. Concluded.

Come, all ye strick-en, by sor - row oppress'd, And I will  
 Lead-ing you safe-ly, with all who are blest, To the sweet  
 Fol - low wher - ev - er his foot - step hath prest, Find-ing sweet

REFRAIN.

give you sweet rest! } hav - en of rest! } com - fort and rest! } Sow - ing or reap .- ing,  
 Smil - ing or weep - ing, What - e'er the la - bor as-  
 -sign'd you may be, Je - sus will give you sweet rest!

Rest! rest! Je - sus will give you sweet rest!

No. 69.

# GIVE ME THY HEART.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 A lov - ing voice is call-ing from on high, O hear it gent - ly  
2 So ten - der - ly that voice is call-ing yet, O child of er - ror,  
3 My precious blood I shed to ran-som thee, To wash thy sins a -

say, Give me thy heart, O weary, wand'ring child, Give me thy heart to-day.  
stay ! Why from the sunshine of my love still roam? Give me thy heart to-day.  
- way ; Ac-cept the pardon, peace I of - fer now ; Give me thy heart to-day.

## CHORUS.

O, hear that lov - ing voice, Ten - der - ly say, Give

me thy heart, O wea - ry, wand'ring child, Give me thy heart to - day.

## No. 70

## DAY-BREAK.

ANNIE HERBERT.

May be used as a SOLO.

F. A. BLACKMER.

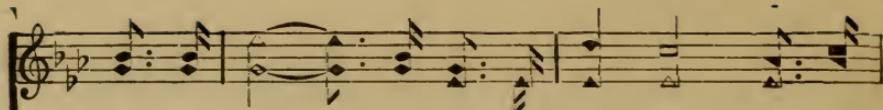
1 When the clouds have left the hill - tops, And the  
 2 When the dark - ness rolls from o - cean, And the  
 3 When the pain and wast - ing fe - ver, And the  
 4 When the graves of earth are o - pened, And the  
 5 When the Cit - y, grand, e - ter - nal, Shall de -

beau - ty of the day Gleams a - long through gold - en  
 light beams bright-ly o'er Ev - 'ry wave and foam - ing  
 thou sand ills of life, All are healed by one Phy -  
 fair, lov'd forms a - rise, Spring-ing up from dust - y  
 scend 'mid clouds of light, And the King bids saints to

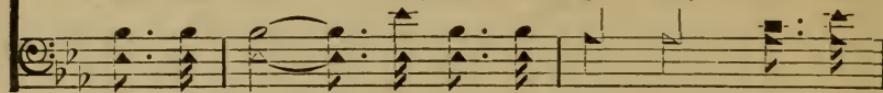
por - tals, Melt - ing all the mists a - way, Then no  
 bil - low, Dash - ing 'gainst this mor - tal shore, Then the  
 si - cian, And for - ev - er hushed the strife, Then sweet  
 cham - bers, Scar - ing up - ward to the skies, Then sweet  
 en - ter Man - sions filled with ho - ly light, Then the

more will shad - ows dark - en, Till the way we can - not see -  
 heart will sing with rapt - ure, And the voice break forth in praise  
 peace and ho - ly com - fort Will pos - sess the in - most soul,  
 waves of thrill - ing mu - sic Will en - trance the list - 'ning ear,  
 life : work of all a - ges Will re - ceive a just re - ward,

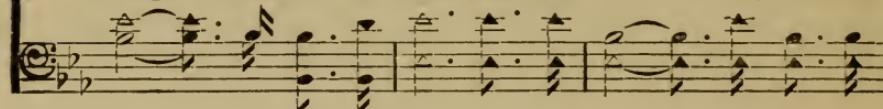
# DAY-BREAK. Continued.



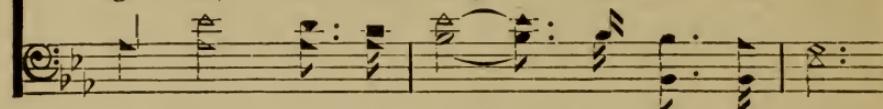
Oh, for thee our hearts are yearn - ing, Glo - ry  
 To the God that rules the tem - pest: "Just and  
 For the wea - ry, home-sick pil - grim, Will have  
 "Like the sound of ma - ny wa - ters," Murm'ring  
 Home with Je - sus, sweet rest giv - en, In the



of e - ter - ni - ty. Oh, for thee our hearts are  
 true are all thy ways." To the God that rules the  
 reached the long'd-for goal. For the wea - ry, home-sick  
 gen - - tly, soft, and clear. "Like the sound of ma - ny  
 king - dom of our Lord. Home with Je - sus, sweet rest



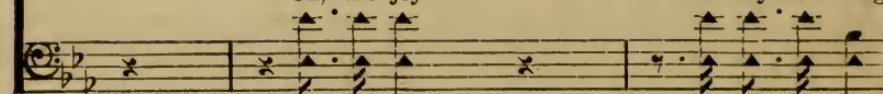
yearn - ing, Glo - ry of e - ter - ni - ty.  
 tem - pest: "Just and true are all thy ways."  
 pil - grim, Will have reached the long'd - for goal.  
 wa - ters," Murm'ring gen - - tly, soft, and clear.  
 giv - en, In the king - - dom of our Lord.



## CHORUS.



Oh, the joy . . . . . that day shall bring . . . . .  
 Oh, the joy . . . . . that day shall bring,



# DAY-BREAK. Concluded.



Oh, the songs . . . we then shall sing, . . . .

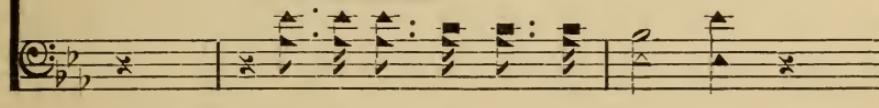
Oh, the songs

we then shall sing,



When the clouds . . . of earth have lift - ed, And the

When the clouds

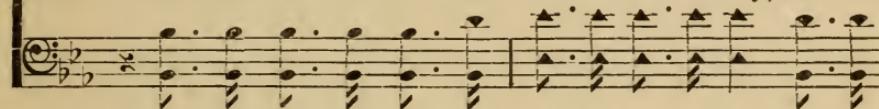


mist . . . have cleared a - way;

When the

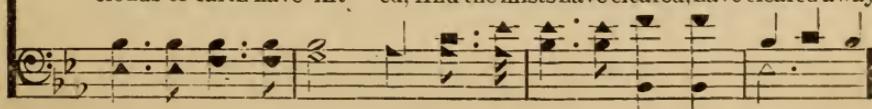
And the mists

have cleared a - way;



clouds of earth have lift - ed, And the mists have cleared, have cleared away.

a - way.



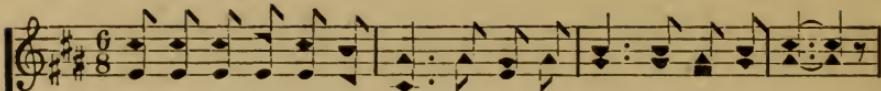
a - way.

## No. 71.

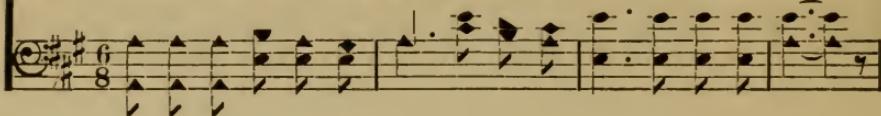
## OH, TO BE THERE.

Rev. W. P. RIVERS.

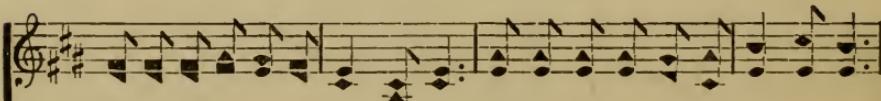
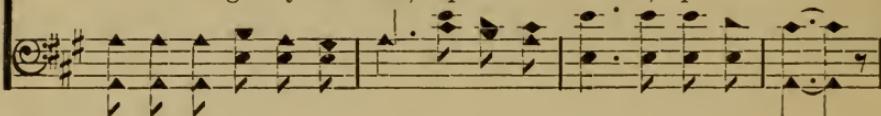
R. M. MCINTOSH.



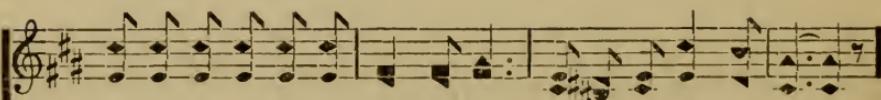
1 Ra - di - ant clime of the pure, Changeless and fair, changeless and fair!  
 2 Ha - ven of heav-en- ly rest, O - ver life's sea, o - ver life's sea!  
 3 Blessed in - her - i-tance fair, Life ev - er - more, life ev - er - more!



Clime where all treasures endure, Precious and rare, precious and rare!  
 Land of re - pose for the blest, Guiltless and free, guiltless and free!  
 Rich - es of glo - ry are there, Hope's treasured store, hope's treasured store!



Land that hath never the gloom of night, Never hath need of the sun's sweet light;  
 Realm where the King of all kings doth reign! Home where the spirit shall ne'er know pain!  
 Joys that are purest and ne'er shall cloy! Raptures and pleasures no foes destroy!

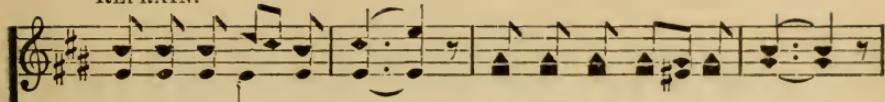


Oh, to dwell there in the mansions bright; Ho - ly our souls must be!  
 Oh, if that part of sweet peace we'd gain, Ho - ly our souls must be!  
 Oh, if that bliss we would hope t' enjoy, Ho - ly our souls must be!



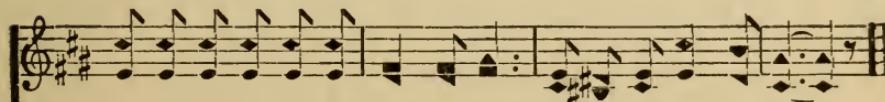
# OH, TO BE THERE. Concluded.

## REFRAIN.



Ho- ly our souls must be!

Ho- ly our souls must be!



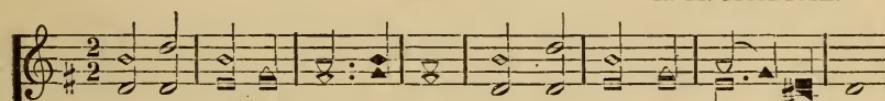
Oh, to dwell there in the mansions bright, Ho- ly our souls must be.



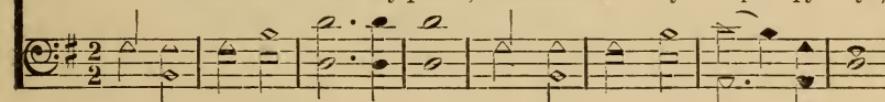
No. 72.

DAVIES. 7s.

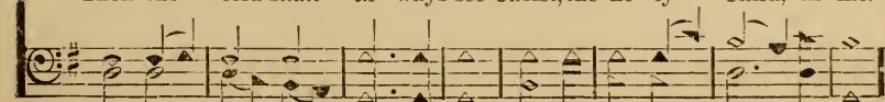
R. M. McINTOSH.



1 Lov-ing Je-sus, gen - tle Lamb, In thy gra-cious hands I am:  
2 I shall then show forth thy praise, Serve thee all my hap - py days;



Make me, Sav - iour, what thou art, Live thy-self with - in my heart.  
Then the world shall al - ways see Christ, the ho - ly Child, in me.

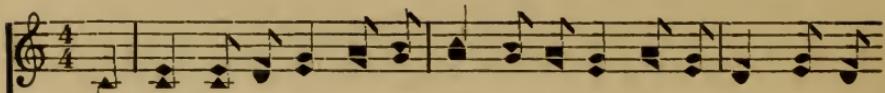


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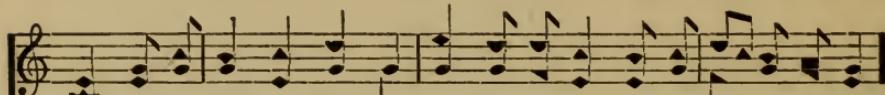
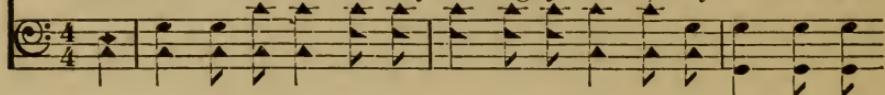
## PRESS ONWARD!

Mrs. ESTELLE OLTROGGE.

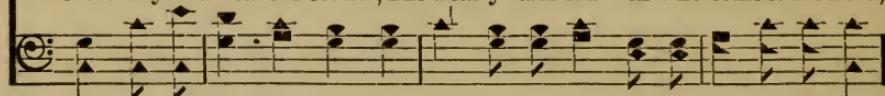
Mrs. ESTELLE OLTROGGE.



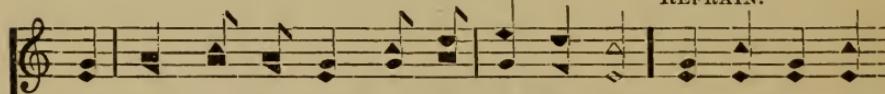
1 Press on-ward, oh, Christian, and leave not the race, You must val - ient - ly  
 2 The tempt-er may smile as an an - gel of light, While he tempts you a -  
 3 Your sor - rows and tri - als may now weigh you down; But you must bear the



fight ere you see God's face ; He's promised to give you his grace, day by day ;  
 - way from the paths of right ; Our Sav-iour was tempt-ed, but bade Sa-tan flee,  
 Cross if you'd wear the Crown ; The wear-y and lad - en who come to the Lord,



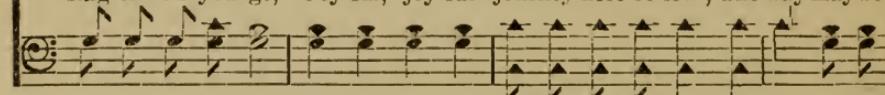
## REFRAIN.



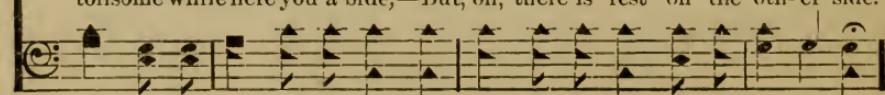
So ask him for help, and go on your way. }  
 And brought free sal - va - tion for you and me. } Sing then, sing then,  
 Find rest, this we know from his Ho - ly Word. }



sing as on you go, Joy-ful, joy-ful journey here be-low ; The way may be



toilsome while here you a-bide,—But, oh, there is rest on the oth-er side.



## No. 74.

## GOD IS CALLING YOU.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

CHORUS.

# No. 75 The Marriage of the King's Son.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 Once a feast was made and the board was laid, And the  
 2 Forth a - gain he sent and his serv - ants went To the  
 3 Once a - gain he cried, for my feast sup - plied, From the  
 4 When our King shall call, may we one and all, In his

king ar - ray'd in his gar-ments fair; For my son, said he, shall the  
 bid - den guests, but they turned a - way; Then the king was wroth, and he  
 high-way side, gath-er one and all. Lo, they quick-ly haste to the  
 pal - ace hall haste to take our seat; Wedding gar-ments fair love and

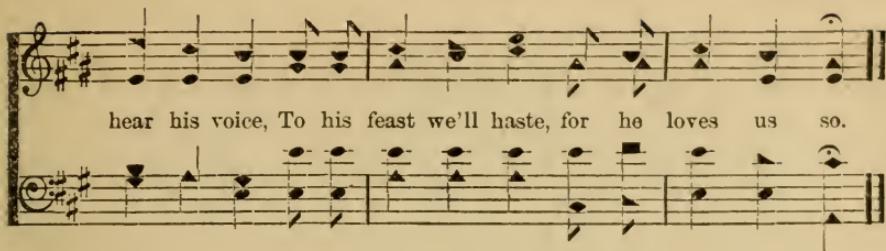
glad feast be; Bear my mes - sage free, bid the guests be there.  
 hast-ened forth, And the sounds of wrath filled the fes - tal day.  
 mar-riage feast, To each low - ly guest 'tis a wel - come call.  
 grace pre - pare, We'll re - joic - ing wear, when the King we meet.

CHORUS.

When for you and me such a call shall be, When the King cries

come, shall we joy - ful rise and go? Oh re - joice, re - joice, for I

# The Marriage of the King's Son. Concluded.



## No. 76. UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.

F. J. C.

J. R. SWEENEY, by per.

Two staves of musical notation in G major, 6/8 time. The lyrics are:

- 1 O the unsearcha - ble rich-es of Christ—Wealth that can never be told ;—
- 2 O the unsearcha - ble rich-es of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare ;
- 3 O the unsearcha - ble rich-es of Christ, Freely, how free-ly they flow ;
- 4 G the unsearcha - ble rich-es of Christ! Who would not gladly en-dure

Two staves of musical notation in G major, 6/8 time. The lyrics are:

Rich-es exhaustless of mercy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold !  
Jewels whose lustre our lives may adorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.  
Making the souls of the faithful and true Hap-py wher-ev - er they go.  
Tri - als, af - flic - tions, and crosses on earth, Rich-es like these to se - cure ?

Two staves of musical notation in G major, 6/8 time. The lyrics are:

D.S.—O the unsearcha - ble riches of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Two staves of musical notation in G major, 6/8 time. The lyrics are:

Pre - cious, more pre-cious,—Wealth that can nev - er be told ;

# No. 77. JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Go to the souls that are lost and per - ish - ing, Hope - less - ly  
 2 Go to the wea - ry, and tell them there is rest; Rest for the  
 3 Go to the sor - row-ing and the err - ing ones; Tell them of  
 4 Go to the souls that are slight-ing his dear name, Count-ing un-

sink - ing in sin and the grave; Lov - ing - ly show them the  
 faith - ful be - yond the dark wave; Bid them look up to the  
 him who his pre - cious life gave, Who will for-give if they  
 ho - ly the blood that he gave; Blind tho' they are, lead them

er - ror of their way; Tell them that Je - sus is might - y to save.  
 cross of Cal - va - ry; Tell them that Je - sus is might - y to save.  
 on - ly will be-lieve; Tell them that Je - sus is might - y to save.  
 gen-tly to the Light; Tell them that Je - sus is might - y to save.

CHORUS.

Might - y to save, might - y to save; Lov - ing - ly show them the  
 er - ror of their way; Tell them that Je - sus is might - y to save.

## No. 78

## GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER, by per.



1 God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide uphold you,  
 2 God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,  
 3 God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,  
 4 God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



REFRAIN.



Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we



meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, . . . till we  
 meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we



meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



# No. 79. CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

REFRAIN.

# No. 80. WONDERFUL WORDS FOR ALL.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1 Wonder-ful words, God has spo- ken; Won-derful words, thro' his Son!  
 2 Wonder-ful words, to the wea- ry; Come, heavy la-den ones, come!  
 3 Wonder-ful words, to the seek- er; Ask in my name, and re- ceive;



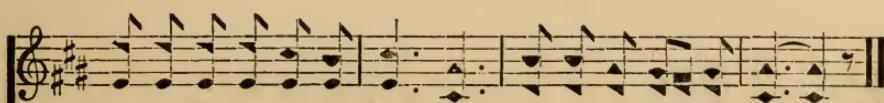
He who so - ev - er be - liev - eth, Life ev - er - last - ing has won!  
 You shall find rest, saith the spir - it, Rest in my heaven - ly home.  
 Joy and sal - va - tion a - waits you, If you on me will be - lieve.



## CHORUS.



Wonder-ful words, God has spo - ken, Won-der - ful words to all;



Words that will nev-er be bro - ken; Wonder-ful words to all.



No. 81.

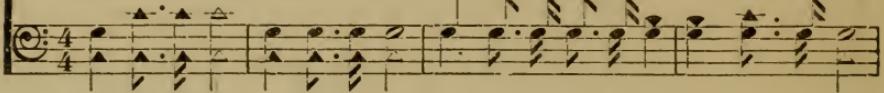
## DEAR SABBATH HOME.

F. M. D.

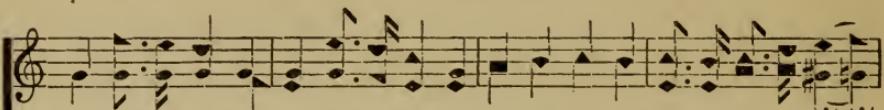
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1 Dear Sabbath home, once more we come; Thankful we meet again this blessed day;  
 2 Dear Sabbath home, once more we come, Happy and ju-bi-lant a youthful throng;  
 3 Dear Sabbath home, once more we come, Greeting the happy hearts who gather here,



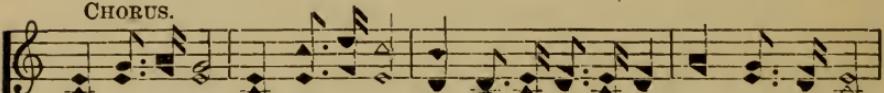
Voi-ces we raise, in prayer and praise, Unto our risen Lord, Life, Light and Way,  
 Je - sus, our King, of thee we sing, Lift-ing our hearts above in grate-ful song;  
 Learning the word, serving the Lord, Praying that he will bless us and be near;



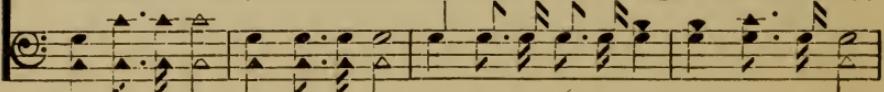
Hap-py the meeting, joyful the greeting, Glad hearts join the tuneful op'ning lay.  
 Out from the highways, hedges and byways, There hast gather'd us from paths of wrong.  
 Guide us for - ev- er, leav-ing us nev-er, Giv-ing love that casteth out all fear.



CHORUS.



Dear Sabbath home, once more we come; Thankful we meet again this blessed day;



Voi-ces we raise, in prayer and praise, Unto our risen Lord, Life, Light and Way.

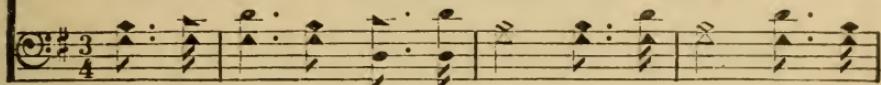


ARTHUR W. FRENCH.  
*Moderato.*

D. B. TOWNER, by per.



1 We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet  
 2 We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet  
 3 We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet



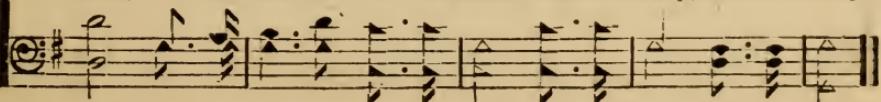
day; We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet  
 day; Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet  
 day; Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet



day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un-  
 day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's  
 day; Be the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry-

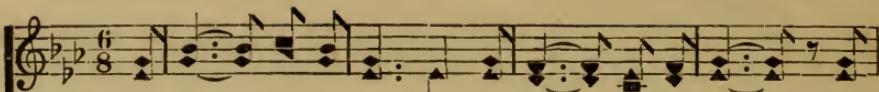


fold Heaven's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
 slain, Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
 where, O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

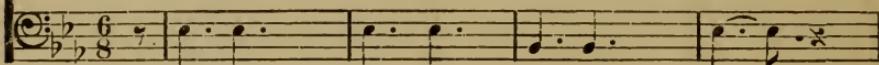


Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

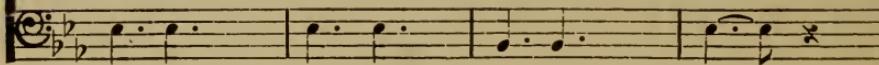
C. C. PRATT.



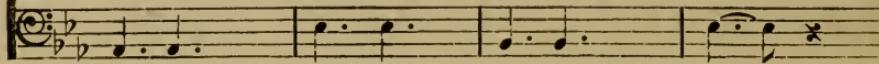
1 Ho - san - na to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King, His  
 2 For Je - sus is wor - thy all praise to re - ceive, He  
 3 For us he was tor - tured, and wound - ed, and slain, For  
 4 Ho - san - na, ho-san - na to Je - sus on high, Ex -



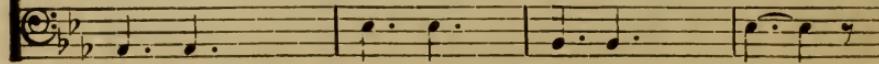
cross and his tri - umph we joy - ful - ly sing; With  
 came in his mer - cy our woes to re - lieve, He  
 us he was sub - ject to an - guish and pain; In  
 alt - ed he reigns far a - bove the bright sky; There



hearts and with voi - ces to - geth - er we'll raise, A  
 died to re - deem us from sin and from hell, That  
 love and com - pas - sion he poured out his blood, And  
 el - ders with joy cast their crowns at his feet, And



cho - rus of high - sound-ing notes to his praise.  
 we with the an - gels in glo - ry might dwell.  
 laid down his life a rich ran - som to God.  
 ser - aphs with rap - ture his prais - es re - peat.



# HOSANNA. Continued.

SOPRANO. *Obligato.*

Yes, mu - - sic, sweet mu - - - sic with  
CHORUS.

Yes, mu - sic, sweet mu - sic with glad - ness we'll bring, Yes,

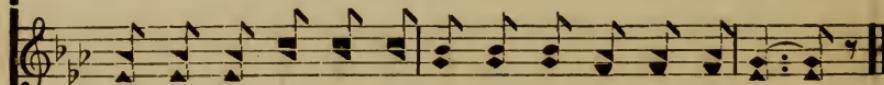
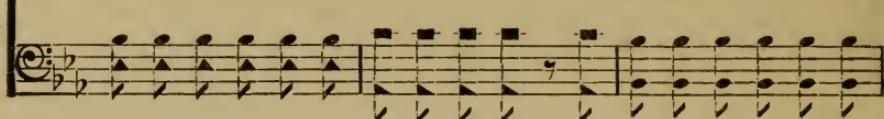
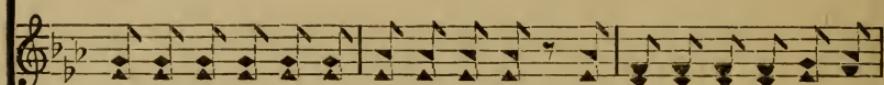
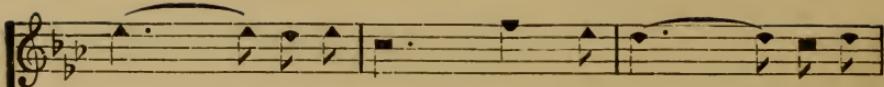
glad - - ness we'll bring, . . . And lay . . . . on the

music, sweet music with gladness we'll bring, And lay on the al - tar, and

al - - tar of Je - - - sus our King We'll

lay on the al - tar of Je - sus, of Je - sus our King We'll

# HOSANNA. Concluded.



# No. 84. WHERE SHALL WE GO?

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Where shall we go, but to Je - sus, When the heart by sor-row is oppressed?  
 2 Where shall we go, but to Je - sus, When the tempter's firey darts are hurled?  
 3 Where shall we go, but to Je - sus, When the waves of trouble 'round us roll?

Where shall we flee from the tem-pest, But to him for shel-ter and for rest?  
 Who can give strength in our weakness, But the Sav-iour of this dy-ing world?  
 Who, but the Saviour, can lead us To the glorious home-land of the soul?

## CHORUS.

Where shall we go? Where shall we go? Where shall we go, but to Je - sus?

Where shall we go? Where shall we go? Where shall we go, but to Je - sus?

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Marching on, an army, strong and grand, Marching on, to Canaan's happy land;  
 2 Marching on, thro' sun-ny days of youth, Loyal ev-er to the Gospel truth;  
 3 Marching on, thro' dust and burning heat, Marching often-times with weary feet;

By Je - ho-vah we are led a - long, Safe-ly to the land of joy and song,  
 Tempted oft-en as we onward go, Yielding nev-er to the wi - ly foe,  
 Strife and tri - als oft be - set our way, Yet we boldly march, make no delay,

Happy, free as birds upon the wing, Marching homeward with the mighty King.  
 With our banners flashing 'gainst the sky, Marching to the promised land on high.  
 Cheer-ful - ly our tri - als we will bear, For we know that joy a-waits us there.

CHORUS.

On, joy - ous-ly on! We are march-ing on, an  
 Marching on, marching on,

arm - y strong and grand; On, joy - ous-ly on!  
 Strong and grand; Marching on! marching on,

# JOYOUSLY ON. Concluded.

We are march-ing on, to Ca-naau's hap - py land. (hap - py land.)

## No. 86. RICHMOND. S. M. Double.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

1 A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;  
2 Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live:

A nev - er - dy - ing - soul to save, And fit it for the sky;  
And O, thy ser - vant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give!

*D.S.*—O may it all my powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!  
As - sured if, I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil;  
Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly,

FANNIE CHADWICK.

SOLO.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

ACCOMP.

1 The Lord is my Shep - herd, a - way then with care, No  
 2 He nev - er for - sakes me, tho' oft - en I stray, But  
 3 I know I must pass thro' the val - ley of death, But

ACCOMP.

want shall I know while his mer - cy I share;  
 gent - ly re - claims me when tempt - ed a - way;  
 he will go with me, "Fear noth - ing," he saith;

DUET.

From pas - tures of plen - ty I'll gath - er my bread, And  
 Thro' dark - ness and dan - ger he guides me a - long, And  
 Thy rod and thy staff, pre-cious Sav - iour, shall be, Strong

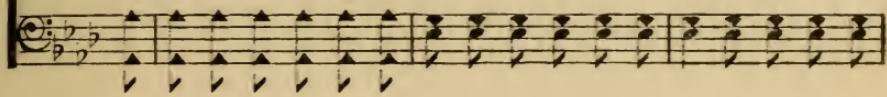
by the still wa - -ters, my feet shall be led.  
 though I am fee - - ble, my Shep - herd is strong.  
 help, and swift com - - fort, for - ev - - er, for me.

# THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Concluded.

## CHORUS.



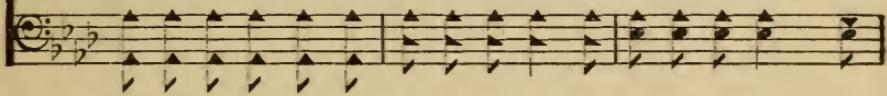
The Lord..... .... is my Shep - - herd; A - way..... then with  
The Lord is my Shepherd, The Lord is my Shepherd, A-way, away then with



care, No want..... .... shall I know,..... while his  
care, No want shall I know, while his mer - cy I share. No



mer - - - cy I share..... .... No want..... .... shall I  
want shall I know, while his mer - cy I share. No want shall I know, No



know,..... .... while his mer - - - cy I share.  
want shall I know, while his mer - cy his, mer - cy I share.



# No. 88. WHO, AMONG THE MIGHTY?

F. M. D.

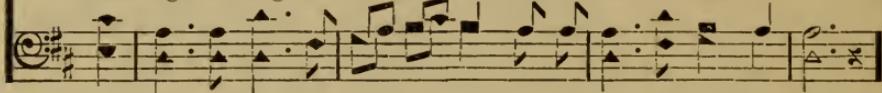
FRANK M. DAVIS.



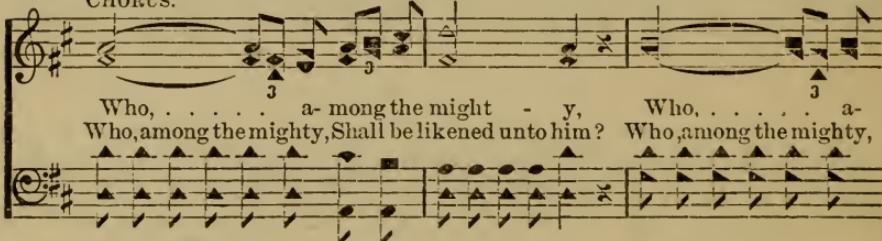
1 Mes-si - ah comes, the mighty Sav-iour! Of all the kings he's King!  
 2 Then hail with joy the great De-liv'-rer, The might-y Prince of Peace!  
 3 Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, tribe and na-tion, That's ransomed from the fall,



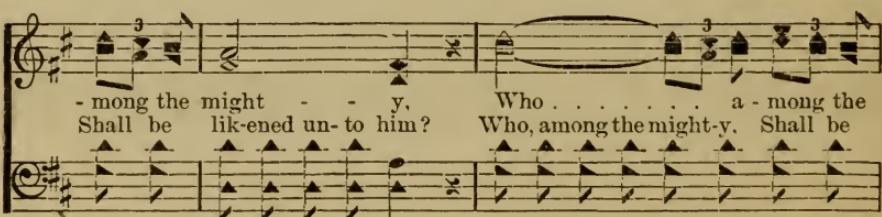
Let earth re-joice and give him hon - or, And loud his prais-es ring.  
 The night of sin a - way is pass-ing, And strife on earth must cease.  
 Raise high the song of a - dor - a-tion, And crown him Lord of all.



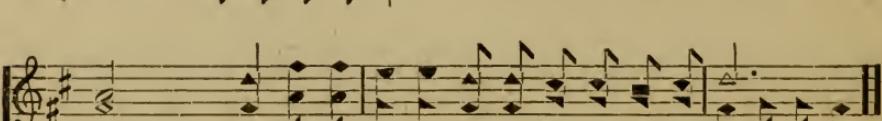
CHORUS.



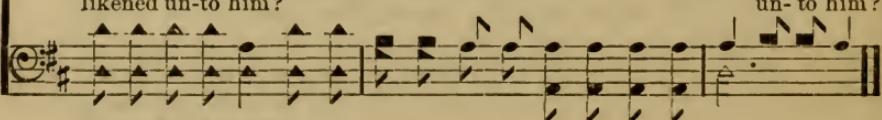
Who, . . . . a - mong the might - y, Who, . . . . a -  
 Who, among the mighty, Shall be likened unto him? Who, among the mighty,



- mong the might - - y, Who . . . . a - mong the  
 Shall be lik-ened un-to him? Who, among the mighty. Shall be



might - - y, Shall be likened, shall be likened un - to him?  
 likened un-to him? un-to him?



MRS. LOULA K. ROGERS.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 Pre-cious for - ev - er! oh, won - der - ful words, Teach me the  
 2 Free - ly he of - fers their prom - ise to all, "Come un - to  
 3 Wouldst thou re-fuse the sweet sol - ace he gives, In the mid -

path-way of du - ty; Lead me be - side the still wa - ters of life,  
 me who - so - ev - er," Sin - ners oppressed with a bur - den of woe,  
 - night of thy sor - row? Wouldst thou go on in the darkness of sin,

REFRAIN.

Flow-ing through val - leys of beau - ty.  
 Drink of the boun - ti - ful riv - er. } Pre-cious for - ev - er to  
 Long - ing for no bright to - mor - row? }

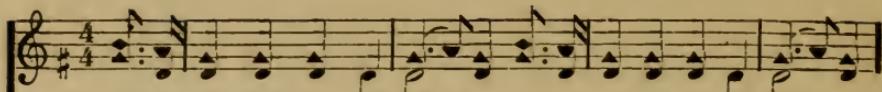
you and to me, Words that our Sav - iour has spok - en, Bear - ing sal -

- va - tion far o - ver the sea, Heal - ing the hearts that are brok - en!

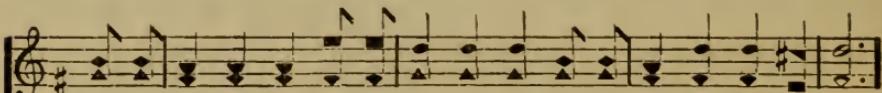
# No. 90. THE MESSAGE OF SALVATION.

C. H. G.

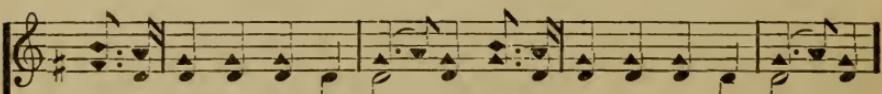
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



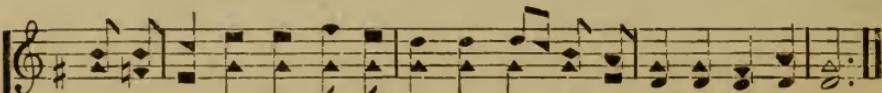
1. There's a mes-sage of sal - va - tion, Un - to ev - ry land and na - tion,
2. Lis - ten to the wond'rous sto - ry: Je - sus left his home in glo - ry,
3. Hear the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "It is finished" see him dy - ing!



'Tis so full and free, 'Tis for you and me, And re - cord - ed in his word !  
 And up - on the tree, Died for you and me, To re - deem a world of woe !  
 Tho' for sin - ners slain, He a - rose a - gain, In a bright e - ter - nal day !



From a - bove its ech - oes ring - ing, Come from an - gel le - gions sing - ing,  
 He was mocked and scourged to save us: Willing-ly his life he gave us;  
 Now, oh, blessed con - so - la - tion, Dear to ev - ry land and na - tion,



'Tis a glad re -frain, And the sweetest strain Mortal ears have ev - er heard.  
 From his riv - en side, Came a crim -son tide, That can make us white as snow.  
 On the Lord be -lieve, And you shall re -ceive Grace to wash all sin a - way.



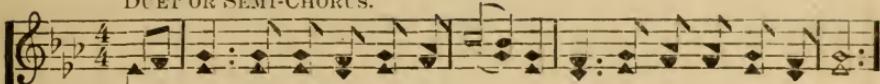
No. 91

## BEYOND THE SUNSET.

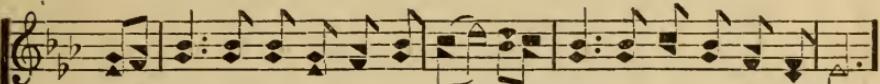
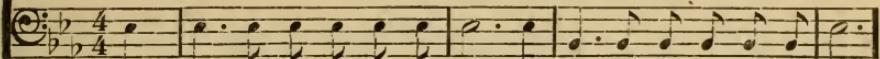
JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

W. O. PERKINS, by per.



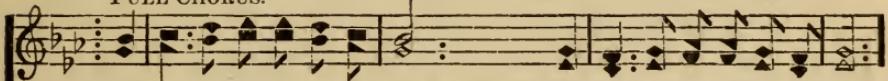
1 Be - yond the sunset's radiant glow, There is a brighter world, I know,  
 2 Be - yond the sunset's pur - ple rim, Beyond the twilight deep and dim,  
 3 Be - yond this des-er-t dark and drear, The gold-en cit - y will ap-pear.  
 4 Those gold - en portals ev - er shine Beyond the reach of day's de-cline,



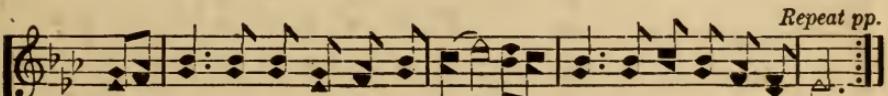
Where gold-en glo-ries ev - er shine, Beyond the thought of day's decline.  
 Where clouds and darkness never come, My soul shall find its heavenly home.  
 And morning's lovely beams a - rise Up - on my mansion in the skies.  
 And Je - sus bids my soul pre - pare To gain a hap - py entrance there.



FULL CHORUS.



Beyond the sunset's radiant glow, There is a brighter world I know;  
 radiant glow,



Be - yond the sun-set, I may spend De-light-ful days that never end.

*Repeat pp.*

## No. 92.

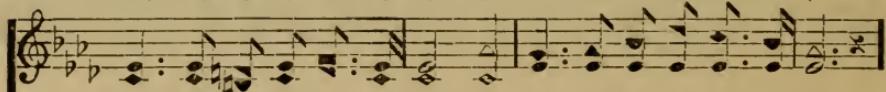
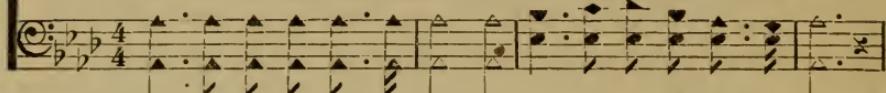
## HIDE ME SAVIOUR.

F. M. D.

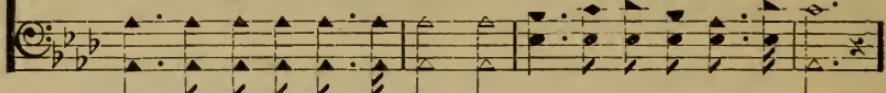
FRANK M. DAVIS.



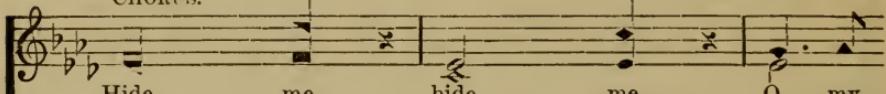
1 Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me, 'Neath the shadow of thy wing;  
 2 Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me, Save me from the tempter's pow'r,  
 3 Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me, Till the night of earth is past,



When the tempest high is rag - ing, Let me there in safe - ty cling.  
 Let me 'feel thy se - cret pres-ence, With me ev - 'ry bless-ed hour.  
 Till I reach that qui - et Ha - ven, Where my soul will rest at last.



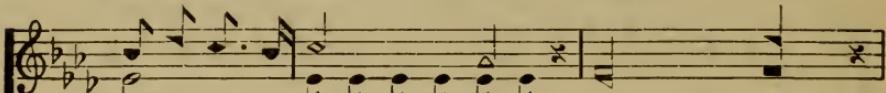
CHORUS.



Hide me, hide me, O my



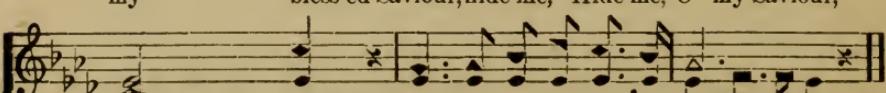
Hide me, O my Saviour, Hide me, O my Saviour; O



bless-ed Sav - iour, hide me, Hide me, O my



my bless-ed Saviour, hide me, Hide me, O my Saviour,



hide me, 'Neath the shadow of thy wing, (of thy wing.)



Hide me O my Saviour,

Copyright, 1889, by E. M. McIntosh.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 The way to Heav'n is nar - row, And its bless - ed entrance strait,  
 2 The sun-beams of the morning Make the nar - row path so fair,  
 3 They do not great - ly trem - ble, When the shad - ows, night fore - tell ;  
 4 They know it leads to heav - en, With its bright and o - pen gates,

But how safe the lit - tle pil - grims, Who get with - in the gate.  
 And these ear - ly lit - tle pil - grims Find dew - y blessings there.  
 For these ear - ly lit - tle pil - grims Have tried the path so well.  
 Where for hap - py lit - tle pil - grims A Sav - iour's wel - come waits.

CHORUS.

We will take the nar - row way, We will take the narrow way, We will  
 take the nar - row way,

We will take the nar - row way, We will take the nar - row way,  
 the nar - row way.

We will take the nar - row way, We will take the nar - row way.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

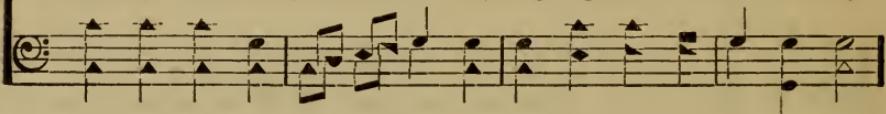
FRANK M. DAVIS.



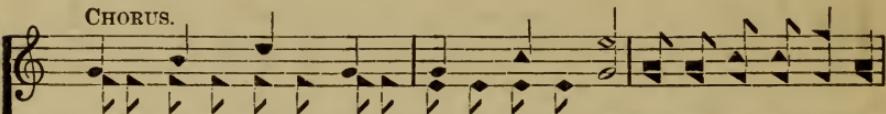
1 Hark, the Christmas bells are ring - ing, On the star - ry midnight calm ;  
 2 O - ver mount, and hill and val - ley, Swift the songs ce - les - tial go ;  
 3 Peace on earth, the choirs are sing - ing, Floateth now the song a - far ;  
 4 Harp-ing still the an - gels o'er us, Glo - ry be to God on high ;



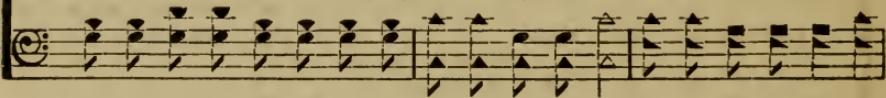
And the an - gels choirs are sing - ing Hear the glad tri-umph-ant psalm.  
 Now with quick ex - ult - ant measure, Now a - gain they whis-per low.  
 And the air with joy is ring-ing, While with brightness shines the star.  
 Sweet-ly now we join the cho - rus, Ring-ing thro' the a - zure sky.



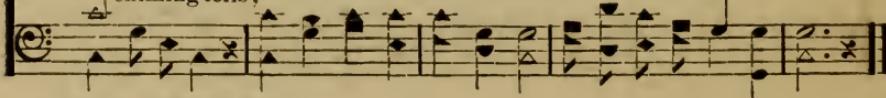
CHORUS.



Christ - mas bells, glad Christ - mas bells, Birth of Christ their chiming  
 Hark, the Christmas bells are ringing, Christmas, Christmas bells ;



tells ; Peace on earth they yet proclaim, Glory to the Saviour's name.  
 chiming tells ;



KATE CAMERON.

R. M. MCINTOSH.



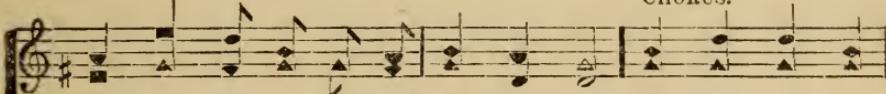
1 Come and join our band, Come with heart and hand, Make a no - ble stand  
 2 Let us now be - gin, Con - quer ev - 'ry sin, And the vic - 'try win,  
 3 Broth - ers, hear our call, Ral - ly one and all! Let no cow - ard fall



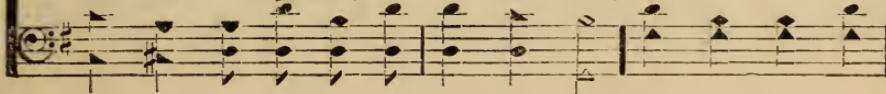
'Gainst the foe; Rouse ye for the fight, Firm for Truth and Right,  
 While 'tis day; Take the Spir - it-sword, God's own Ho - ly Word,  
 In the strife; Short the war - fare here, Brief the pain and fear,



## CHORUS.



Soon will fall the night On all be - low.  
 Trust - ing in the Lord, The foe we slay. } Come then, sol - diers,  
 Then the triumph near,--E - ter - nal Life! }



ral - ly round the ban - ner, Help us now our cheer-ful notes to sing:



While we glad-ly raise a loud Ho-san-na, Je-sus is our Prophet, Priest and King!



W. A. O.  
*Spirited.*

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

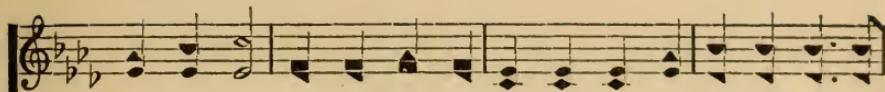
1 Go through the gates, pre - pare ye the way, Lift up a  
 2 Go through the gates, pre - pare ye the way, Lift up a  
 3 Go through the gates, pre - pare ye the way, Lift up a

stand - ard for the peo - ple, Go through the gates, pre-  
 stand - ard for the peo - ple, Go through the gates, pre-  
 stand - ard for the peo - ple, Go through the gates, pre-

- pare ye the way, Lift up the stand-ard of our God,  
 - pare ye the way, Lift up the stand-ard of our God,  
 - pare ye the way, Lift up the stand-ard of our God,

Cast ye up a glo - rious high - way For the com - ing  
 Who is this that comes from E - dom With his gar - ments  
 Now ex - alt the Son of glo - ry, Spread his won - drous

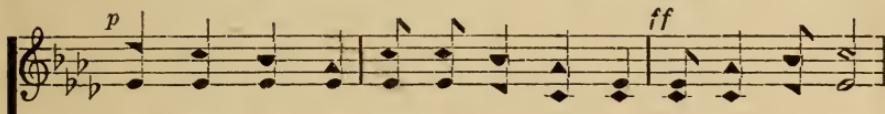
# MIGHTY TO SAVE. Concluded.



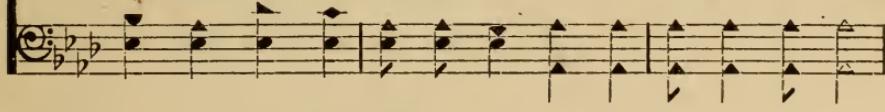
of our King, Sing his prais-es, tell his glo - ry, Make the gates of  
dyed in blood? 'Tis the Lord of life and glo - ry, 'Tis the bless-ed  
name a - broad, Un - to men he brings sal - va - tion, Je - sus Christ the



Zi - on ring, Might - y to save, might - y to save,  
Son of God, Might - y to save, might - y to save,  
Son of God, Might - y to save, might - y to save,



Say ye to the daugh-ter of Zi - on, Might - y to save,  
Say ye to the daugh-ter of Zi - on, Might - y to save,  
Say ye to the daugh-ter of Zi - on, Might - y to save,



mighty to save, Je - sus Christ is mighty to save.  
mighty to save, Je - sus Christ is mighty to save.  
mighty to save, Je - sus Christ is mighty to save.



## No. 97

## MEET ME THERE.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1 On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more,  
 2 Here our fond - est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain;  
 3 Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing,



When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there. Where the  
 But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there. By the  
 In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there. Where in

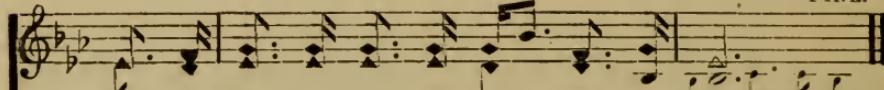


night dis - solves a - way In - to pure and per - fect day,  
 riv - er spark - ling bright, In the cit - y of de - light,  
 sweet com - mun - ion blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend,



D.S.—storms of life are o'er, On the hap - py gold - en shore,

FINE.



I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.  
 Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.  
 In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.  
 Meet me there.



Where the faith - ful part no more, Meet me there.

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per. Copyright, 1885, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

# MEET ME THERE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the  
Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there,

D.S.

Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there. When the  
Meet me there.

## No. 98

## YARBROUGH.

Miss FRANCES E. HAVERGAL.

Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 Take my life, and let it be Con- se- crat - ed, Lord, to thee;  
2 Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for thee;  
3 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;  
4 Take my will and make it thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;  
5 Take my love; my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treas-ure-store;

CHO.—Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be;

D.C.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.  
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly for my King.  
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.  
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy - al throne.  
Take my-self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be.

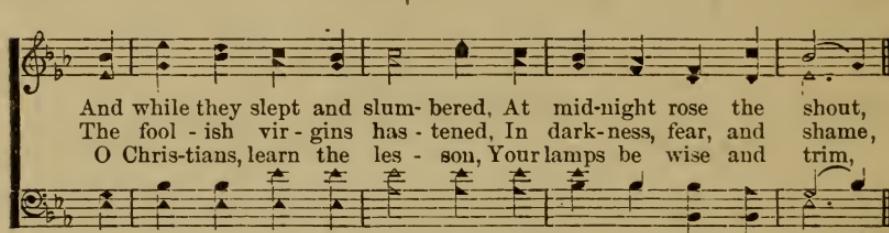
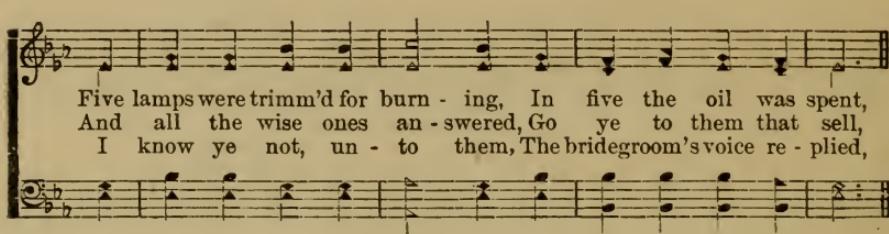
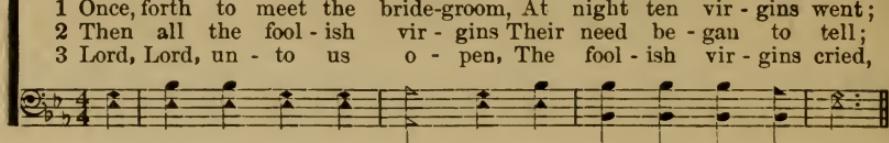
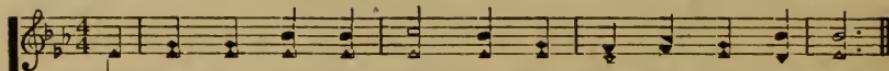
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

## No. 99.

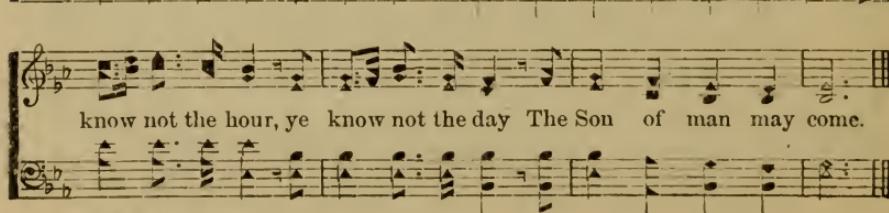
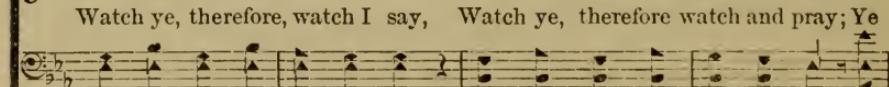
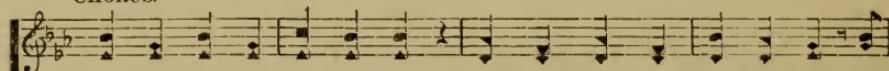
## THE TEN VIRGINS.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. MCINTOSH.



## CHORUS.



# No. 100. THE JOYFUL PROCLAMATION.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Send the joy - ful proc - la - ma - tion O'er the mountains, o'er the waves;  
 2 Send the mes - sage to the dy - ing, He who life e - ter - nal craves,  
 3 Send the mes - sage o'er the wa - ters, Let it ech - o thro' the caves,

Shout it to the dis - tant na - tions, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.  
 Bid him look in faith to Je - sus, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.  
 Joy - ful news to those in dark-ness, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.

**CHORUS.**

Bless - ed tid - ings, bless - ed tid - ings, Bless - ed  
 Bless - ed tid - ings, bless - ed tid - ings,

tid - ings Je - sus saves; Bless-ed tid - ings, bless-ed  
 Bless - ed tid - ings, Bless-ed tidings,

tid - ings, Bless-ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.  
 bless - ed tid - ings, Bless-ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.

# No. 101. We Silently Slumber at Last.

Mrs. MARY E. KAIL.

DUET AND CHORUS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 This life is a fan - ci - ful stage of com - mo - tion, A  
 2 From day un - to day, souls grown wea - ry with plead-ing, Have  
 3 Then why do we scorn - ful - ly jos - tle each oth - er, Or  
 4 Oh, then, let us give from love's o - cean of sweet-ness, For -

dream that is fad - ed and past; A voy - age soon made o'er a  
 mourned for the hours that are past, But the poor wea-ry heart, ev - er  
 with - hold love's endearing re - past, When the peo - ple we meet be they  
 - get - ting all wrongs of the past; Such gems as shall bring to us

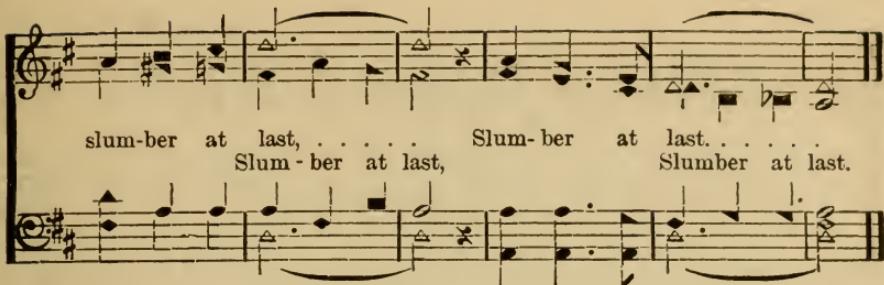
storm troubled o - cean, Then we si - lent - ly slum - ber at last.  
 weak from its bleed-ing, We shall si - lent - ly slum - ber at last.  
 stran - ger or broth - er, We shall si - lent - ly slum - ber at last.  
 heav - en's com - plete-ness We shall si - lent - ly slum - ber at last.

CHORUS.

We slum - ber at last, we slum - ber at last, We

si - lent - ly slum - ber at last; We si - lent - ly

# We Silently Slumber at Last. Concluded.

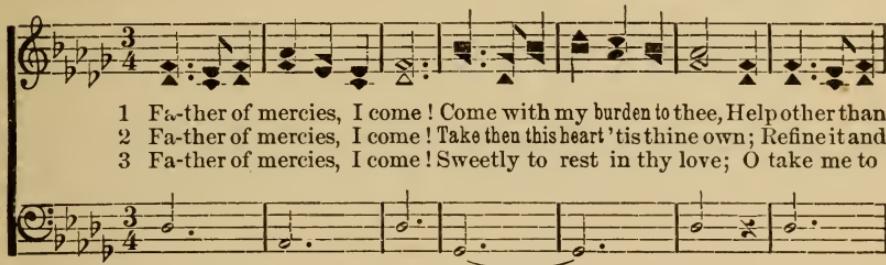


## No. 102. FATHER OF MERCIES.

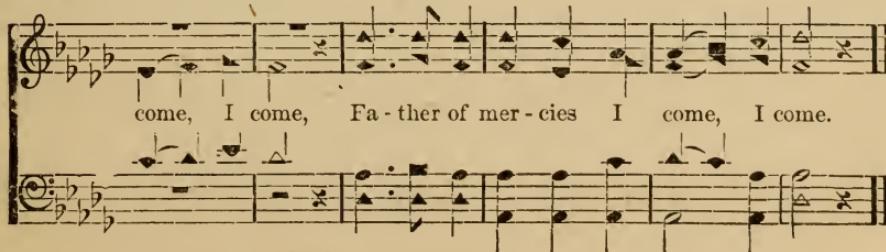
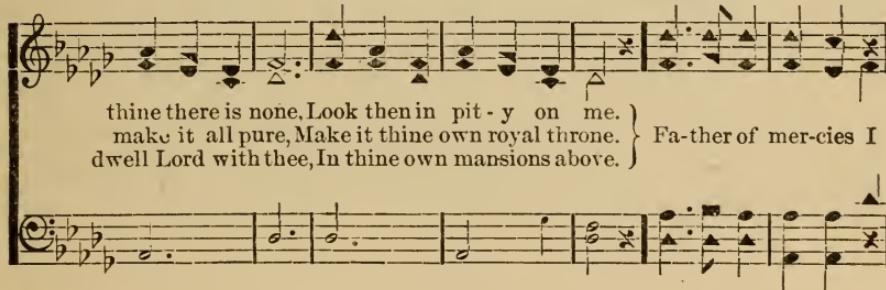
F. M. D.

DUET AND CHORUS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

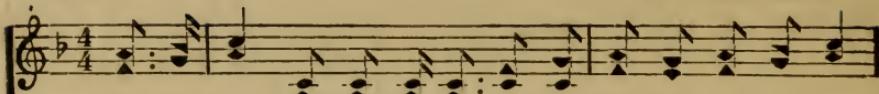


REFRAIN.

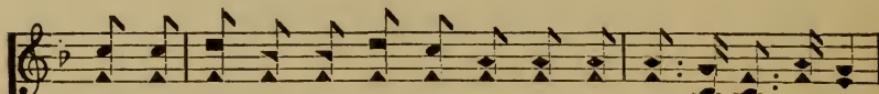
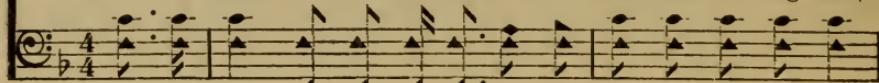


K. S.

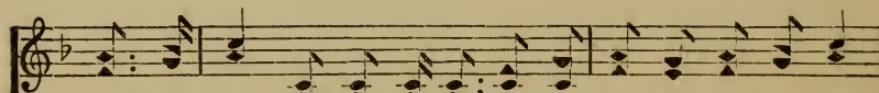
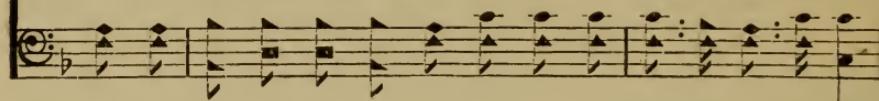
KNOWLES SHAW.



1 At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-s-and of his lords,  
 2 See the brave cap-tive Dan-i-el as he stood be-fore the throng,  
 3 See the faith, zeal and cour-age that would dare to do the right,  
 4 So our deeds are re-cord-ed, there's a Hand that's writ-ing now,



While they drank from gold-en ves-sels, as the book of truth re- cords;  
 And re-buked the haughty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong;  
 Which the spir-it gave to Dan-i-el,—this the se-cret of his might;  
 Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to his roy-al man-date bow;



In the night as they rev-eled in the roy-al pal-ace hall,  
 As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the doom of one and all,  
 In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall—  
 For the day is ap-proaching, it must come to one and all,



They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the hand up-on the wall.  
 For the king-dom now was fin-ished—said the hand up-on the wall.  
 He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.  
 When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.



# HANDWRITING ON THE WALL. Concluded.

## CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall,  
'Tis the hand of God that is writ - ing on the wall;

'Tis the hand of God on the wall,  
'Tis the hand of God that is writ - ing on the wall.

Shall the re - cord be "Found wanting," or shall it be "Found trusting?"

While that hand is writ - ing on the wall.  
While that hand is writ - ing, writing on the wall.

1 O, lead me to Je-sus, I'm tired of my sin, I'm wea-ry of  
 2 O, lead me to Je-sus, I know he is love; To save err-ing  
 3 O, lead me to Je-sus, O, show me the way, My soul in its

fight-ing po - lu-tion with - in; In mer-cy, now lead me where  
 chil-dren, he came from a - bove; He sure - ly will heal me and  
 blind-ness has wan-dered a - stray; Then take me to Je - sus, so

I may find peace, And where all my sor - rows shall cease.  
 par - don my sin, Will com - fort my long - ing with - in.  
 pre - cious as he, The Sav - iour who suf - fered for me.

O, lead . . . . . me to Je - - - sus, my  
 CHORUS.

O, lead me, yes, lead me to Je - sus, to Je - sus my  
 Sav - - - iour and King; O, lead . . . . . me to  
 Sav-iour, my Sav-iour and King; O, lead me, yes, lead me to

# 0, LEAD ME TO JESUS. Concluded.

Je - - - sus, from sor - - - row and sin.

No. 105.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1 { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo, the sa - cred her-ald stands, }  
 Wel-come news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos-tile lands : }

VERSE.

Mourn - ing cap - tive, God him - self shall loose thy bands.

CHORUS.

Mourn - ing cap - tive, God him - self shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,  
 All thy friends unfaithful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 Cease thy mourning,  
 Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!  
 He himself appears thy friend :  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end :  
 Great deliverance,  
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

# No. 106. JESUS IS PASSING TO-DAY.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 In days of old, near Jer - i - cho, As Je - sus passed one day,  
 2 He hears the tramp of wea - ry feet, As mul - ti-tudes draw nigh,  
 3 The throng rebukes him as he cries, O, Lord, that I might see,  
 4 The Lord in mer - cy hears his cry, Tho' waves of tu - mult roll,

A blind man sat to gath - er alms Be - side the great high-way.  
 What means this great com-mo-tion friends? Tis Je - sus pass - ing by.  
 But loud - er still his voice rings out O, Lord, re-mem - ber me!  
 "Re - ceive thy sight and go in peace," "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

CHORUS.

Je - sus was pass - ing that way, . . . . . Je - sus was  
 Pass - ing that way,

pass - ing that way; . . . . . He's pass - ing this way, O  
 Pass - ing that way,

sin - ner be - lieve him, be - lieve him; He's pass - ing to - day, O

# JESUS IS PASSING TO-DAY. Concluded.

*ritard ad libitum.*

sin - ner receive him, re - ceive him; He's pass-ing, yes passing to - day.

## No. 107. HAPPY DAY. L.M.

1 { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour and my God! }  
 Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all abroad.  
 2 { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love! }  
 Let cheer-ful anthems fill his house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.

*CHORUS.*

Hap-py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

*FINE.*

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev -'ry day:

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!  
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;  
 He drew me, and I followed on.  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn  
 vow,  
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

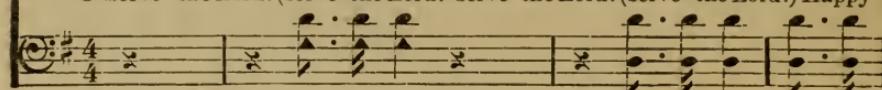
Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



1 Praise the Lord! (praise the Lord!) praise the Lord! (praise the Lord!) Happy

2 Love the Lord! (love the Lord!) love the Lord! (praise the Lord!) Happy

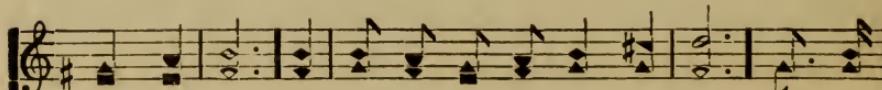
3 Serve the Lord! (serve the Lord!) serve the Lord! (serve the Lord!) Happy



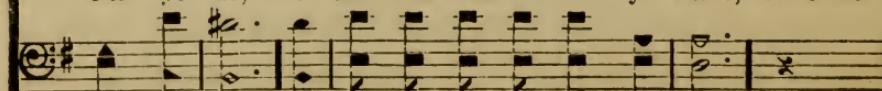
chil-dren now in the tem-ple sing, Praise the Lord! (praise the Lord!) chil-dren, give him your youth's bright days; Love the Lord! (love the Lord!) chil-dren, serve him with songs of joy; Serve the Lord! (serve the Lord!)



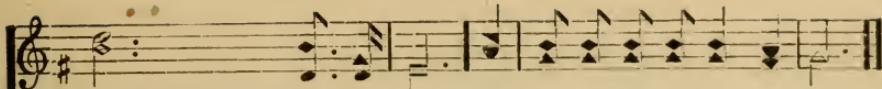
praise the Lord! Ho-san-na to the Lord our King. O praise him for the love the Lord! He ev-er lov-eth you, he says. O love him, for he serve the Lord! And let his work your handsemploy. O serve him, what-so-



flowers that grow, O praise him for the stars that move; Praise the loves us so; O love him for his won-drous love; Love the e'er ye do; O serve him where-so - e'er ye move; Serve the



# PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.



Lord! (praise the Lord!) here be - low, And praise him in his courts a - bove.  
 Lord! (love the Lord!) here be - low, And love him in his courts a - bove.  
 Lord! (serve the Lord!) here be - low, And serve him in his courts a - bove.



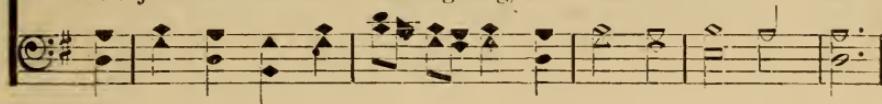
## No. 109. CORONATION. C. M.



1 All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall:  
 2 Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race,—A rem-nant weak and small,—  
 3 Ye Gen-tile sin - ners, ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall:  
 4 Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball,  
 5 O that, with yon-der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall,



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all:  
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all:  
 Go, spread your tro-phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all:  
 To him all ma - jes - ty as -cribe, And crown him Lord of all:  
 We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all:



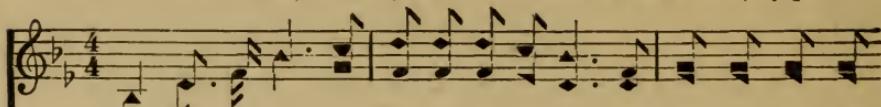
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.  
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.  
 To him all ma - jes - ty as -cribe, And crown him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.



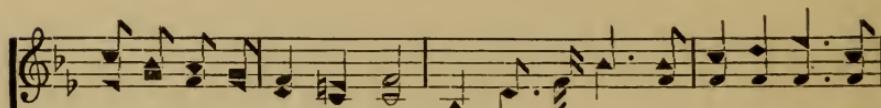
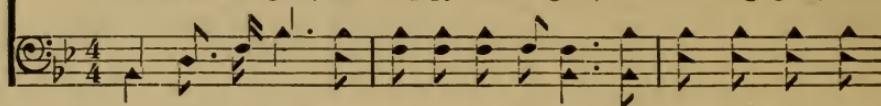
## No. 110 God Wants the Boys and Girls.

Rev. J. E. KITTREDGE, Genesee, N. Y.

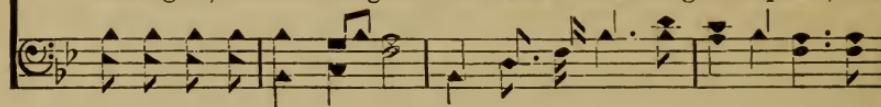
R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



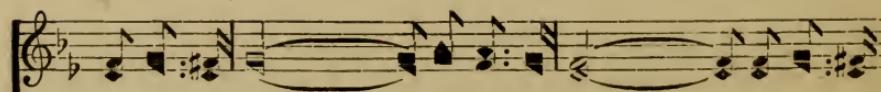
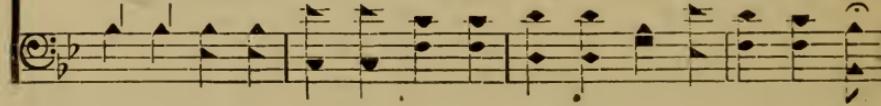
1 God wants the boys, the mer-ry, mer-ry boys, The noi - sy boys, the  
2 God wants the girls, the hap-py-hearted girls, The lov - ing girls, the



funny boys, The thoughtless boys. God wants the boys with all their joys, That  
best of girls, The worst of girls—God wants to make the girls his pearls, And



he as gold may make them pure, And teach them tri - als to en - dure,  
so re - flect his ho - ly face, And bring to mind his wondrous grace,



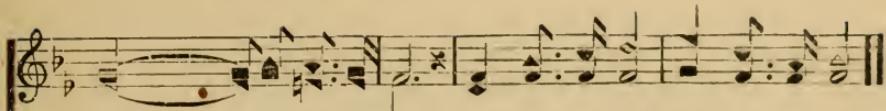
His he - roes brave, . . . . . He'll have them be, . . . . . Fighting for  
That beau - ti - ful, . . . . . The world may be, . . . . . And filled with



His he - roes brave,  
That beauti - ful,

He'll have them be,  
The world may be,

# God Wants the Boys and Girls. Concluded.



truth . . . and pur - i - ty. "God wants the boys, God wants the boys."  
love . . . and pur - i - ty. "God wants the girls, God wants the girls."



Fighting for truth and puri - ty.  
And filled with love and puri-ty.

## No. III.

## GREGORY.

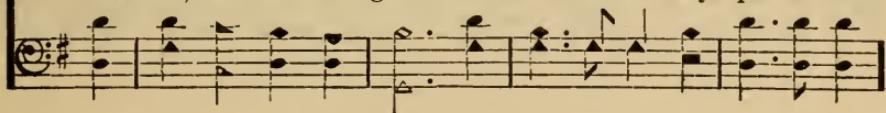
L. C. EVERETT, by per.



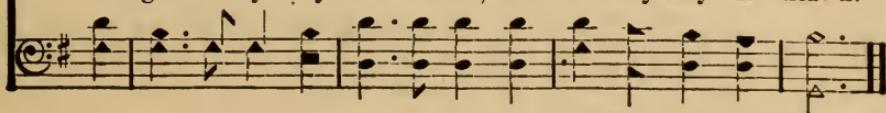
1 Be it my on - ly wis-dom here To serve the Lord with fil - ial fear,  
2 O may I still from sin de - part; A wise and un - derstanding heart,



With lov - ing grat - i - tude; Su - pe - rior sense may I dis - play,  
Je - sus, to me be giv'n! And let me thro' thy spir - it know



By shunning ev - 'ry e - vil way, And walk - ing in the good.  
To glo - ri - fy my God be - low, And find my way to heav'n.



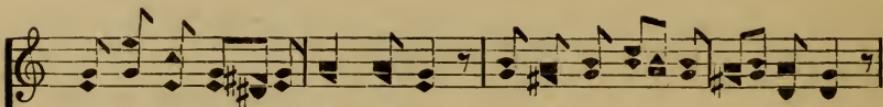
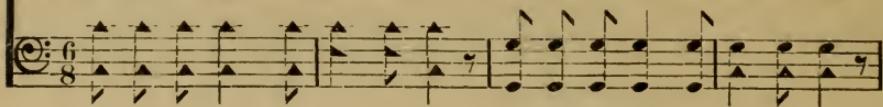
## No. 112. Gather Around the Christmas Tree.

Mrs. ESTELLE OLTROGGE.

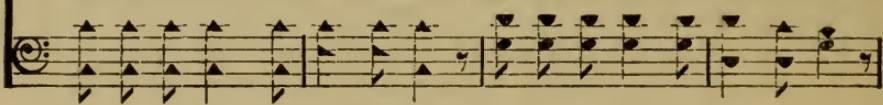
Mrs. ESTELLE OLTROGGE.



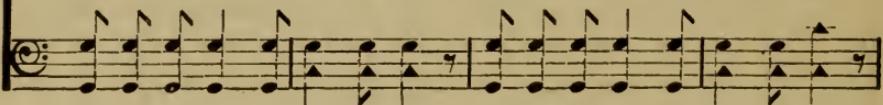
1 Gath-er a-round the Christmas-tree, Glist'ning with lights and fill'd with toys;  
2 Gath-er a-round the Christmas-tree, Hap-py and joy-ous once each year;



Sing as you come so cheer-i-ly— Little hearts filled with childish joys.  
Tok-ens of love, this night you see— Gifts from your friends and parents dear.



What tho' the night be chill and drear? Here you have warmth and hearty cheer;  
Thanks to them all for scenes so bright, Thanks to our Father, God of light,

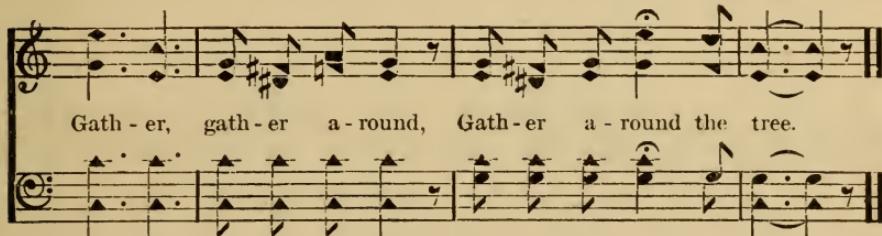
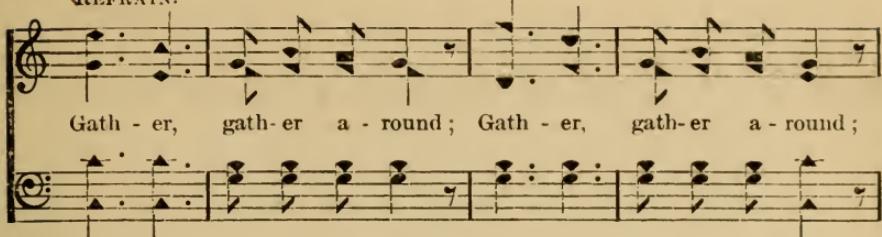


Naught but pleasure shall greet you here, While gather-ing 'round the tree.  
For his blessing this Christmas night, While gather-ing 'round the tree.



# Gather Around the Christmas Tree. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

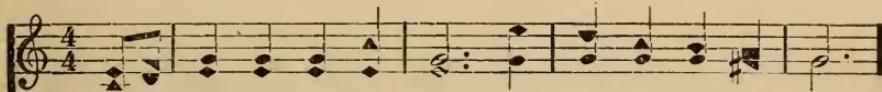


No. 113.

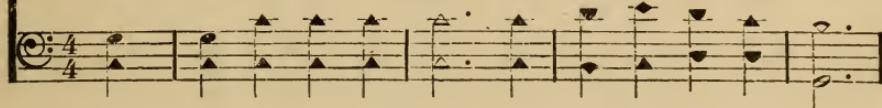
LABAN. S. M.

GEO. HEATH.

Dr. L. MASON.



1 My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;  
 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;  
 3 Ne'er think the vic - 'try won, Nor once at ease sit down;  
 4 Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God!



And hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im-plore.  
 Thy ar-duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.  
 He'll take thee at thy part - ing breath Up to his blest a - bode.



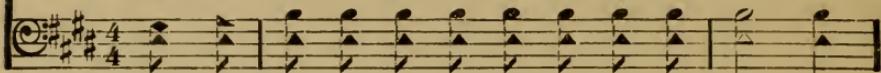
G. W. L.

*Lively.*

G. W. LYON, by per.



1 We have heard thy gen - tle voice, O bless-ed Sav - iour,  
 2 We will fol - low in thy foot-steps pre-cious Mas - ter,  
 3 We will fol - low tho' the temp-est burst a - round us,



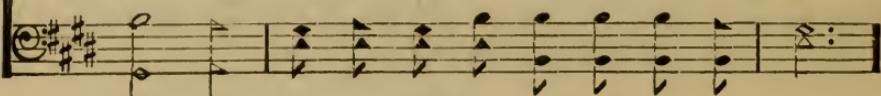
We are com - ing, we are com - ing at thy call,  
 From the path of love and du - ty nev - er stray,  
 Though the waves of earth - ly sor - row o'er us roll,



Take us in thy might - y arms and keep us  
 And thy lov - ing voice shall cheer us as we  
 For we know thy might - y hand will part the



ev - er Safe - ly shel-ter'd in thy bliss - ful fold.  
 jour - ney To the land of beau - ty far a - way.  
 wa - ters And thy "peace be still" the storm con - trol.



# WE ARE COMING. Concluded.

## CHORUS.

We are com - - ing, we are com - - ing,  
We are com-ing, we are com-ing,

We are com-ing bless-ed Sav-iour at thy call,  
at thy call,

We are com - - ing, we are com - - ing,  
We are com-ing, we are com-ing,

We are safe when shel-ter'd in thy bliss - ful - fold.

1 On - ward, up - ward, ev - er, is our mot - to, Press - ing for - ward  
 2 On - ward, up - ward, in the roy - al high-way, Following foot - steps  
 3 On - ward, up - ward, press-ing on with vig - or, Keep - ing in the

to ob-tain the prize; Sing - ing prais - es to the king of glo - ry,  
 Je - sus' feet have trod; Ev - 'ry heart with joy is o - ver-flow - ing,  
 straight and nar-row way; Nev - er yield - ing to the wi - ly temp - ter,

CHORUS.

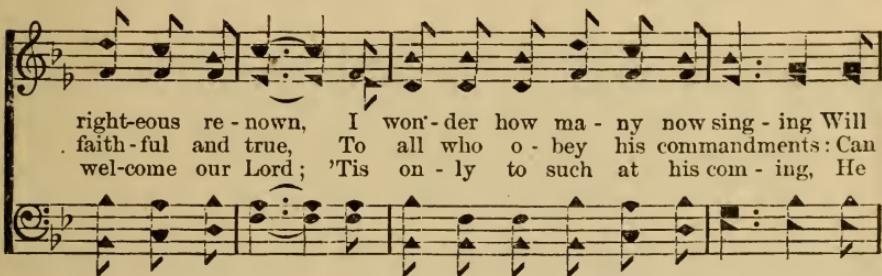
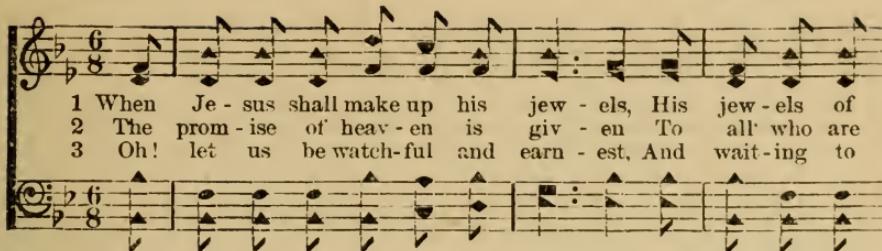
While we march to mansions in the skies. } On - ward and up - ward,  
 While we jour - ney to the land of rest. } Ev - er onward t'ward the land of day. } Onward, upward, onward, upward,

Press - ing for the prize, press - ing for the prize; yes,

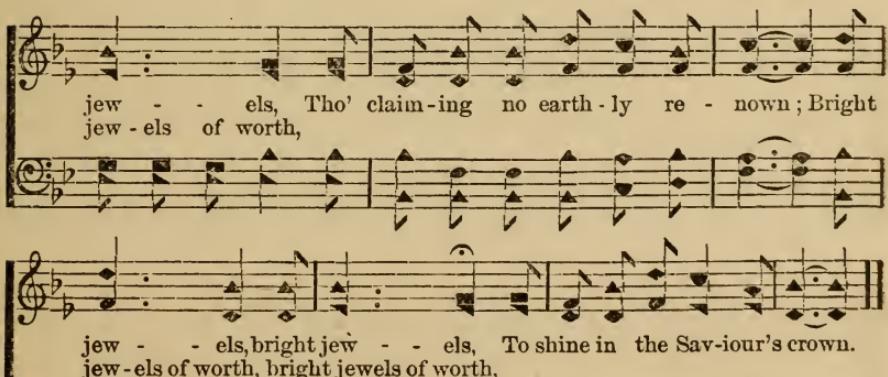
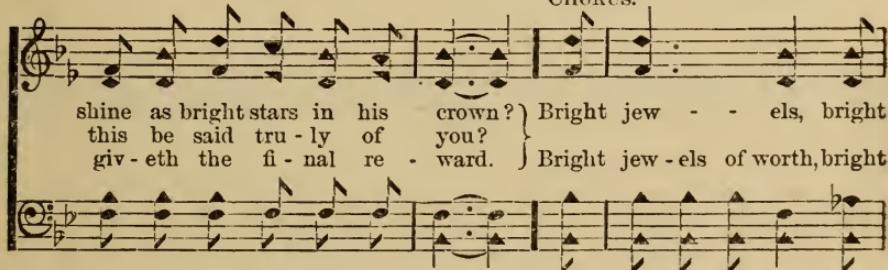
On - ward and up - ward. To the mansions in the skies.  
 Onward, upward, onward, upward,

F. E. B.

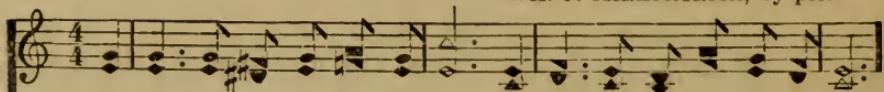
F. E. BELDEN.



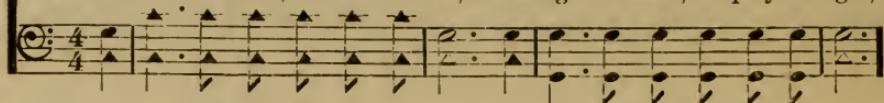
## CHORUS.



WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

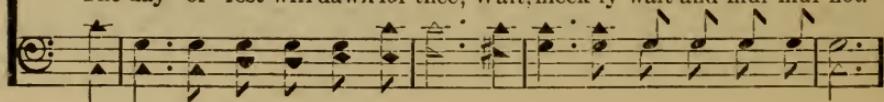


1 The home where changes nev - er come, Nor pain nor sor - row, toil nor care;  
 2 Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;  
 3 If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow:  
 4 Toil on nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sight unheard, one pray'r for-got;

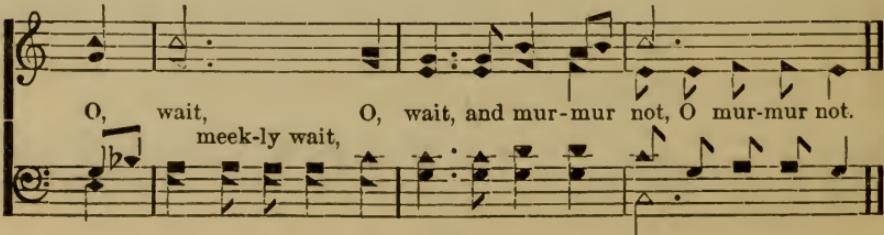
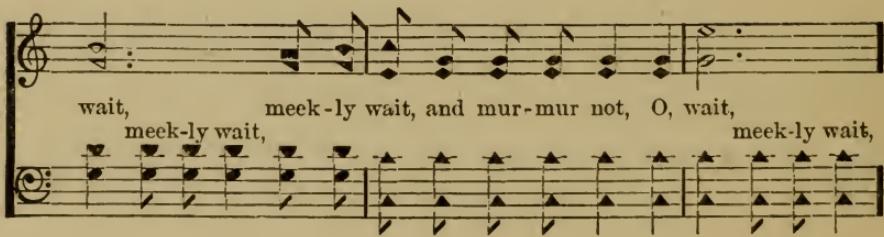
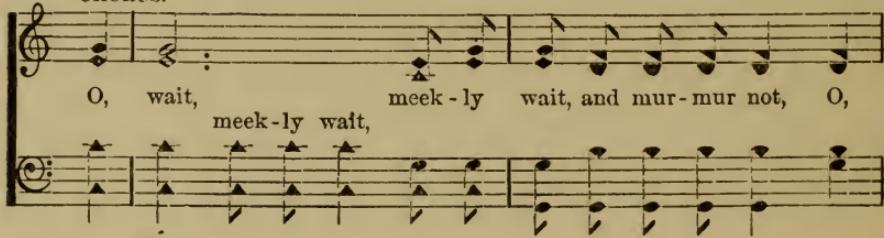


Yes! 'tis a bright and bless-ed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?  
 Thou yearn'st to reach that blesta - bode, Wait, meekly wait, and mur-mur not.

If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ' ho - li - er than thou.  
 The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait and mur-mur not.



## CHORUS.



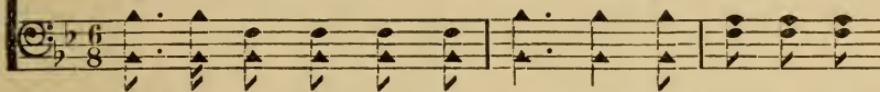
## No. 118 SCATTER BRIGHT SMILES.

G. W. L.

G. W. LYON, by per.



1 Scatter bright smiles all a-round you, They cheer like the  
 2 Scatter bright smiles all a-round you, More pre-cious than  
 3 Scatter bright smiles all a-round you, Re-mem-ber the  
 4 Scatter bright smiles all a-round you, We nev-er know



beau-ti-ful rain, That falls on the with-er-ing flow-ers, And  
 treas-ures of gold, They light-en the bur-dens of oth-ers, They  
 weak and op-press'd, O, smile on the poor and the need-y, And  
 where they may fall, Then ev-er be read-y and will-ing, To



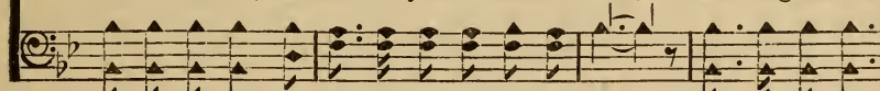
CHORUS.



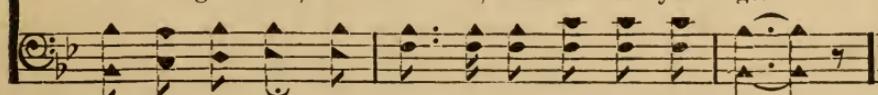
makes them bloom sweetly a-gain.  
 cheer up the young and the old.  
 com-fort the sad and dis-tress'd. } Then scatter bright smiles, they will  
 scat-ter bright smiles o-ver all.



nev-er be lost, Re-mem-ber your mission be-low; Scatter bright smiles,



scatter bright smiles, Wher-ev-er, wher-ev-er you go.



F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Bless-ed is he that en-dur-eth temp-ta-tion, Bless-ed is he,  
 2 Bless-ed is he that shall o-vercome e-vil, Bless-ed is he,  
 3 Bless-ed is he then that knoweth sal-va-tion, Bless-ed is he,

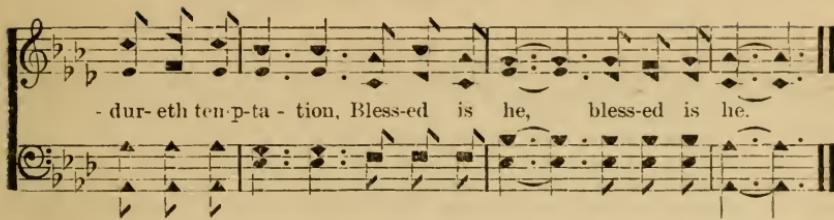
bless-ed is he; He shall re-ceive a crown of re-joic-ing,  
 bless-ed is he; Bless-ed is he that gain-eth the vic-t'ry,  
 bless-ed is he; And he that doth the will of the Fa-ther,

Bless-ed is he, . . . Bless-ed is he, . . . Rich is the  
 Bless-ed is he, . . . Bless-ed is he, . . . Vic-t'ry thro',  
 Bless-ed is he, . . . Bless-ed is he, . . . In the Lamb's

prom-ise to you and to me, . . . Giv-en by  
 Je-sus the once cru-ci-fied; . . . Cleansed in the  
 book his name is writ-ten down, . . . He shall in-

Je-sus so full and so foun-tain that flows from his side; } Bless-ed is he that en-her-it a robe and a crown;

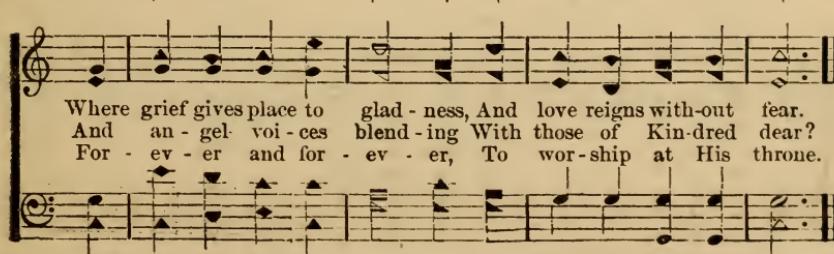
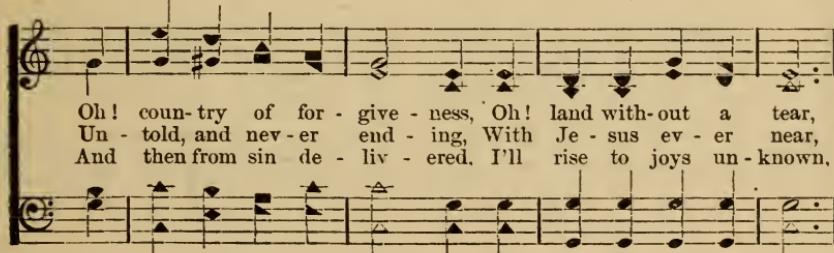
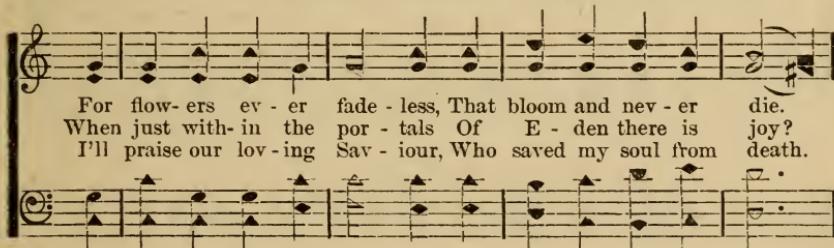
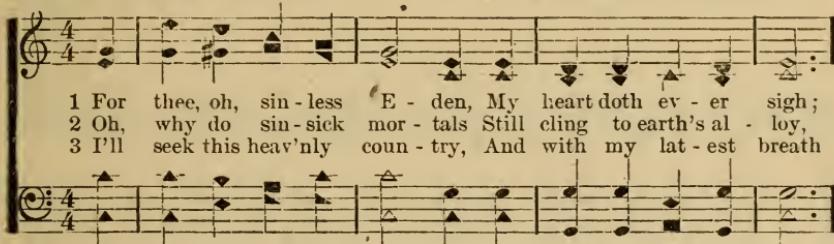
# BLESSED IS HE. Concluded.



## No. 120. FOR THEE, OH, SINLESS EDEN!

Mrs. ESTELLE OLTROGGE.

Mrs. ESTELLE OLTROGGE.

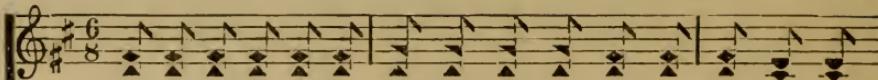


## No. 121.

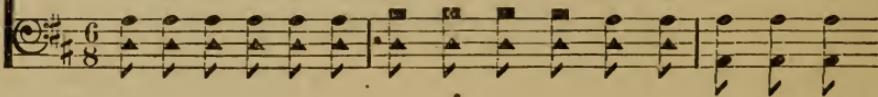
## CALLING FOR YOU.

MARY SPARKS WHEELER.

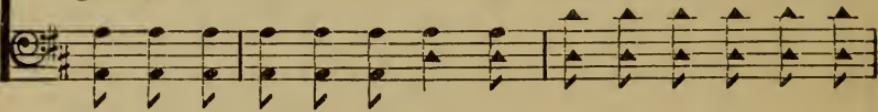
LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



1 Brother, look out o'er the fields white and wav-ing, The har-vest is  
 2 "Work in my vineyard!" the Mas-ter is cry-ing; The har-vest is  
 3 Hearken the voice of the hun-gry and weep-ing; The har-vest is  
 4 Bold-ly, my broth-er, pro-claim the glad sto-ry—The har-vest is



great and the laborers are few, Come, thrust in your sick-le, the  
 great and the laborers are few; Go strengthen the fee-ble and  
 great and the laborers are few; No long-er stand i-dle, but  
 great and the laborers are few—Till Christ shall il-lu-mine the



ripened grain saving, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you!  
 comfort the dy-ing, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.  
 en-ter the reaping, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.  
 earth with his glo-ry, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.



Call - - ing for you, . . . . . Call - - ing for  
 CHORUS.



# CALLING FOR YOU. Concluded.

you, . . .

Call-ing for you, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you;

Call - - ing for you, . . . . Call - - ing for

Call-ing, Call-ing for you, Call-ing,

you, . . . .

Call-ing for you, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.

No. 122.

ROSS. C. M.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

1 By faith we find the place a - bove, The Rock that rent in twain,  
 2 Je - sus, to thy dear wounds we flee; We sink in - to thy side;

Beneath the shade of dy - ing love, And in the cleft re-main.  
 Assured that all who trust in thee Shall ev - er - more a - bide.

F. M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the bet - ter land, Near-er  
 2 Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the land of love, Near-er  
 3 Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the pearl - y gates, Near-er

home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Ev - 'ry  
 home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Ev - 'ry  
 home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Ev - 'ry

day brings us near - er to the Lord's right hand, Near - er  
 day brings us near - er to the fields a - bove, Near - er  
 day brings us near - er where the Sav - iour waits, Near - er

home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) We will  
 home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Oh, the  
 home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Oh, the

sing and re - joice while the days are quick-ly pass-ing, Ev - er  
 way oft - en - times may seem lone - ly, dark, and drear-y, And our  
 joy we shall know when we reach the land im-mor - tal, And have

# NEARER HOME. Concluded.

seek - ing to mer - it our Sav-iour's choic-est bless-ing; For we  
 faith seem so small, and our feet have grown so wea - ry; Yet we  
 sung the new song far be - yond death's chill-ing por-tal; For we  
 know ev - 'ry day brings us near - er home. Near-er home, near - er home.

No. 124.

HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on. Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,  
 2 Much of my time has run to waste. And I per-haps am near my home;  
 3 I lay my bod - y down to sleep. Peace is the pil - low for my head;  
 4 Thus when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,

And ev - 'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.  
 But he for-gives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.  
 While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.  
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet salva - tion in the sound.

# No. 125 THE HOPE OF THE SOUL.

Rev. W. P. RIVERS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 The soul hath a hope ev - er dear Of life in a clime of  
 2 Sweet hope of the life ev - er blest With God in his home, with,  
 3 Dear hope of the soul's bet - ter life— An o - cean of Peace—sweet  
 4 Oh, soul, keep thy hope ev - er pure, Of life in the clime of

beau - ti - ful sheen ; Where ne'er come the storm-clouds of fear,  
 Je - sus a - bove ; Where an - gels and saints are at rest,  
 Pu - ri - ty's sea ! Where nev - er is tem - pest or strife,  
 vir - tue and truth, Where vis - ions of glo - ry en - dure,

Where shadows of gloom shall nev - er be seen ; Where shadows of gloom shall  
 Where heaven - ly joys are rapt - ures of love ; Where heaven-ly joys are  
 Where pleasures are ho - ly, boundless, and free ; Where pleasures are ho - ly,  
 Where ev - er a-bides the beau - ty of youth ; Where ev - er a-bides the

nev - er be seen, (nev - er be seen,) Where shadows of gloom shall  
 rapt - ures of love, (rapt - ures of love,) Where heav-en - ly joys are  
 bound - less, and free, (boundless, and free,) Where pleasures are ho - ly,  
 beau - ty of youth, (beau - ty of youth,) Where ev - er a-bides the

# THE HOPE OF THE SOUL. Concluded.

nev - er be seen ; (nev - er be seen;) Oh, life's im-mor-tal years! In a  
 rapt - ures of love; (raptures of love;) Oh, life's im-mor-tal years! In a  
 boundless, and free; (boundless, and free;) Oh, life's im-mor-tal years! In a  
 beau - ty of youth; (beauty of youth;) Oh, life's im-mor-tal years! In a

clime where flow no tears—Where shadows of gloom shall never be seen.  
 clime where flow no tears—Where heavenly joys are rapt - ures of love.  
 clime where flow no tears—Where pleasures are ho-ly, bound-less, and free.  
 clime where flow no tears—Where ev - er a - bides the beau - ty of youth.

## No. 126. DUKE STREET. L. M.

1 Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive journeys run;  
 2 From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their homage at his feet;  
 3 Peo-ple and realms, of ev - 'ry tongue, Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns; The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,  
 5 Let ev - 'ry crea-ture rise and bring Pe - cu-liar hon-ors to our King;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moon shall wax and wane no more.  
 While western em - pires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend his word.  
 And in-fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their early bless - ings on his name.  
 The wea-ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blessed.  
 An - gels de-scend with songs a - gain, And earth re-peat the long A - men!

# No. 127 Drifting Toward the Golden Shore.

Mrs. ALLIE L. CRISS.

C. E. LESLIE, by per.

1 I am drifting down the stream of time, Yes,  
 2 I am drifting down the stream of time, Yes,  
 3 I am drifting down the stream of time, Yes,

drifting t'ward the gold-en shore, But I am  
 near-ing now the gold-en gate, I am  
 drifting far-ther out each day, But I

do not heed the bil-lows, For the Sav-iour guides my oar, As I'm  
 nearer to that life e-ter-nal Where my lov'd ones wait, As I'm  
 do not dread the voy-age, For my Sav-iour guides my way, As I'm

## CHORUS.

drifting t'ward the gold-en shore. } I am drift-ing, Yes,  
 drifting t'ward the gold-en gate. }  
 drifting far-ther out each day. } I am drift-ing, Yes

drift-ing, I am drift-ing tow'rd the gold-en  
 Yes drift-ing, Yes

# Drifting Toward the Golden Shore. Concluded.

shore, But I do not heed the bil-lows, For the  
Saviour guides my oar, As I'm drift-ing t'ward the gold-en shore.

## No. 128. MARTYN. 7s. Double.

FINE.

1 { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bos-om fly, {  
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high; }  
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha-venguide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

D.C.

Hide me. O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me!  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring,  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;

Just and holy is thy name;  
I am all unrighteousness:  
False, and full of sin, I am;  
Thou art full of truth and grace

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found  
Grace to cover all my sin:  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within:  
Thou of life the fountain art;  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity!

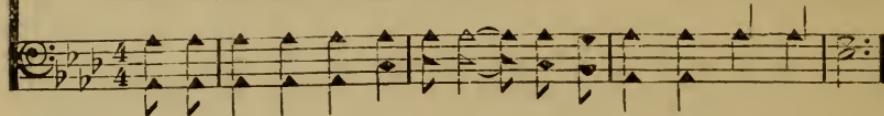
# No. 129 BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D. D.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

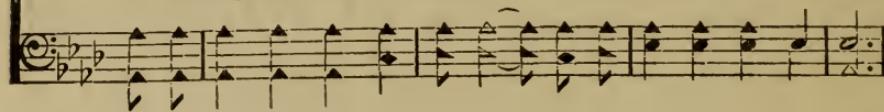


1 Do you ask why I love Je-sus? 'Tis be-cause he first loved me;  
 2 Once I had no' love for Je-sus, For my soul was sunk in sin,  
 3 But I gave my-self to Je-sus For the love he showed to me;  
 4 Sin-ner, love this lov-ing Je-sus, Who in mer-ey died for thee;



He from sin and death re-deems us,  
 Charmed with that a - lone which pleases,  
 Now I love my bless-ed Je-sus,  
 He the Cap-tive soul re - leas-es,

He from bondage sets us free.  
 Grat - i - fies the lusts with-in.  
 Bleeding Lamb of Cal - va - ry.  
 Bids the pris - on - er go free.



## REFRAIN.



'Tis for this . . . . . my heart loves Je - sus,  
 'Tis for this, 'tis for this my heart loves Je - sus, 'tis for this,



'Tis be - cause . . . . . he first loved me;  
 'Tis be - cause he first loved me, he first loved me, first loved me;



# BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME. Concluded.

No. 130.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

*Gently.*

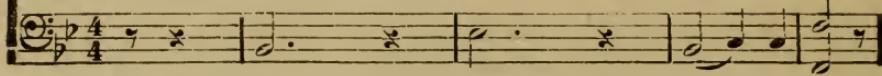
NAHUM TATE, 1696.

Altered by HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

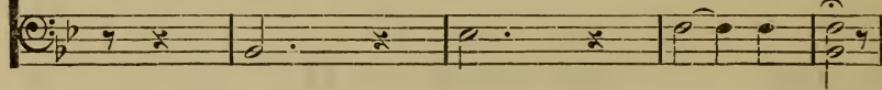
R. M. MCINTOSH.



1 As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heated in the chase,  
 2 For thee, my God, the liv-ing God, My thirst-y soul doth pine ;  
 3 Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul ? Trust God and thou shalt sing



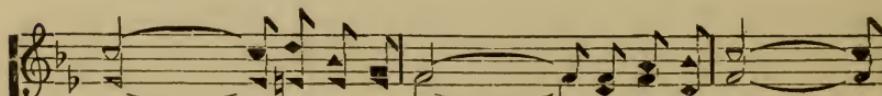
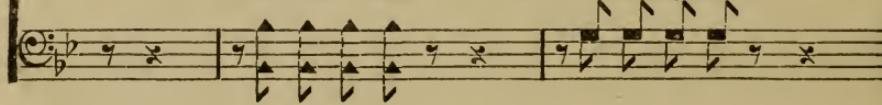
So pants my soul, O Lord ! for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.  
 Oh, when shall I be-hold thy face, Thou Maj-es - ty di - vine ?  
 His praise a - gain, and find him still Thy health'se-ter - nal spring.



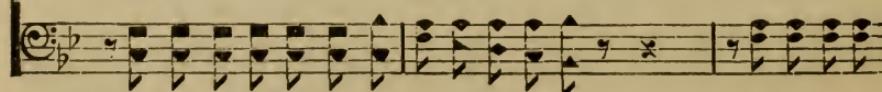
## REFRAIN.



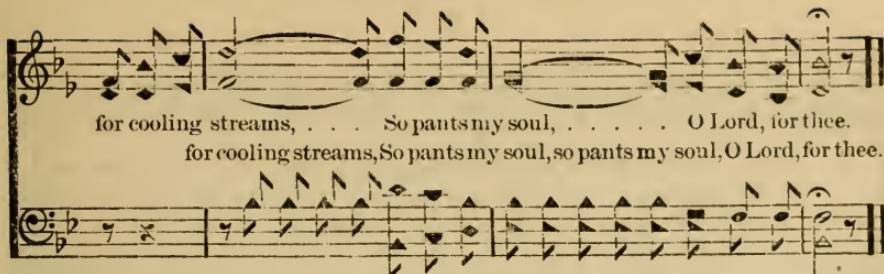
As pants the hart . . . . for cool-ing streams, . . . . So pants my  
 As pants the hart for cooling streams,



soul, . . . . O Lord, for thee ; . . . . As pants the hart . . . .  
 So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee, O Lord, for thee ; As pants the hart



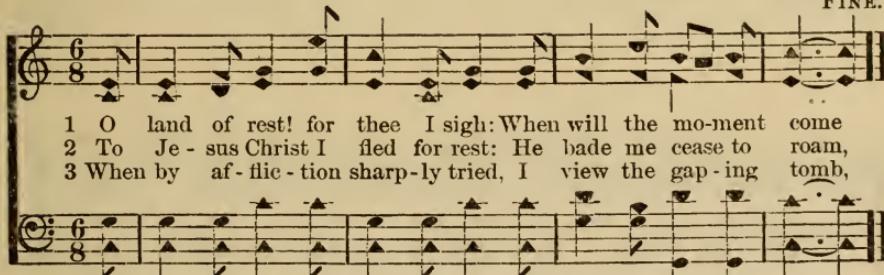
# AS PANTS THE HEART. Concluded.



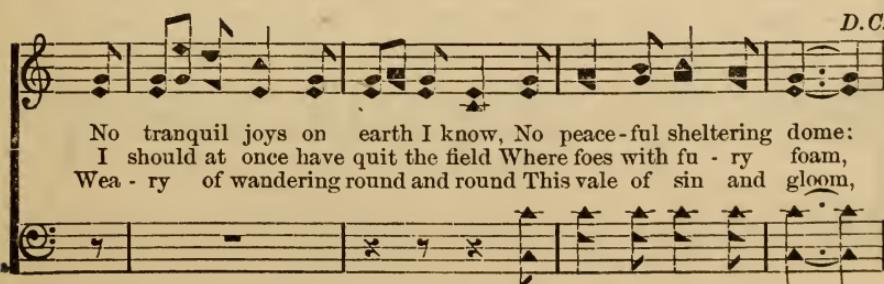
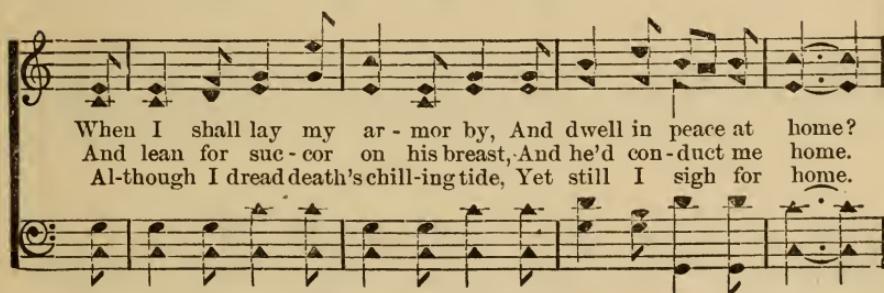
## No. 132. HOME. C. M. Double.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

FINE.



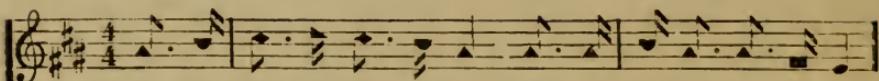
*D.C.*—This world's a wil - der - ness of woe—This world is not my home. But, ah! my pass-port was not seal'd—I could not yet go home. I long to quit th'unhallow'd ground, And dwell with Christ at home.



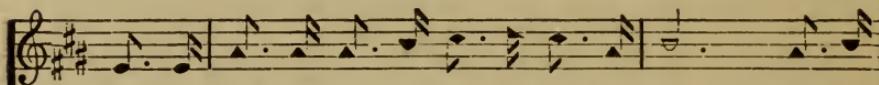
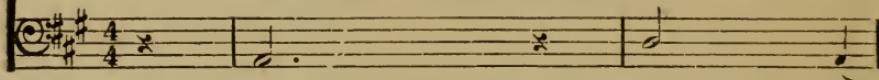
# No. 133 As We've Sown So Shall We Reap.

F. M. DAVIS.

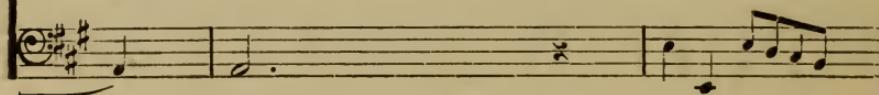
FRANK M. DAVIS.



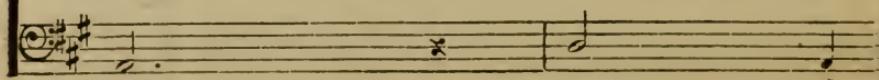
1 As we've sown so shall we reap, When the har-vest time ap-pears,  
 2 As we've sown so shall we reap, In the tide of com-ing years,  
 3 As we've sown so shall we reap, When the fields are read - y white,



Wheth-er it be joy and glad-ness, weal or woe, This the  
 Reap-ing fruits of sin - ful life, or time well-spent, Then this  
 And the Mas - ter calls for reap-ers here be - low, Let us



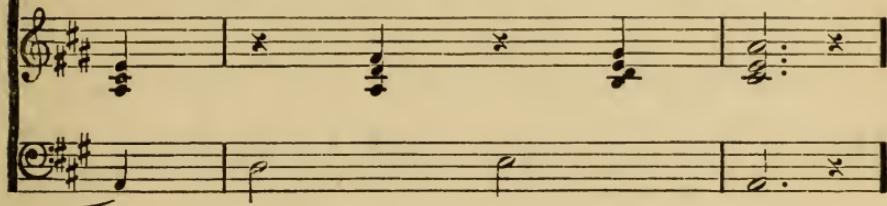
thought for us to keep, As through life we on - ward move,  
 thought in view still keep, While the hours are go - ing by,  
 then this thought still keep; When the trum - pet call is heard,



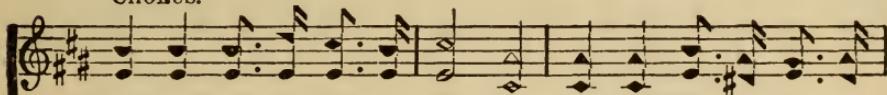
# As We've Sown So Shall We Reap. Concluded.



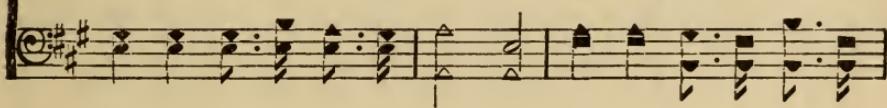
We shall gath - er at the har - vest what we sow.  
Shall we sow un - ho - ly strife or sweet con - tent?  
Shall we la - dened well, or emp - ty hand - ed go?



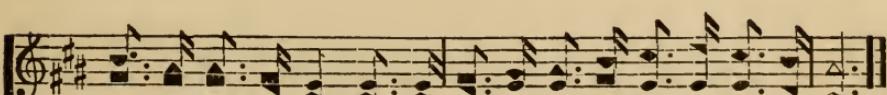
## CHORUS.



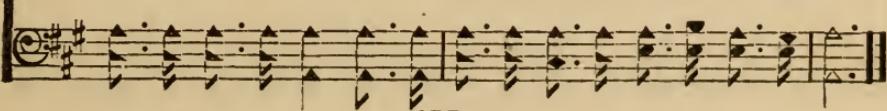
On, on, ev - er to the har - vest, Sow - ing eith - er weal or



woe, This the thought for us to keep, As through



life we on-ward move, We shall gath-er at the har-vest what we sow.



GRACE GLENN.

J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1 { When, as of old, in her sad-ness, Ma-ry sat weeping a - lone, }  
 Soft-ly the voice of her sis-ter Whisper'd, "The Master has come." }  
 2 { Oh, when thy pleasures are flow-ing, Fad-ing thy hope and thy trust, }  
 When of the dear-est earth-treasures Dust shall re-turn un-to dust. }  
 3 { Down by the shore of death's riv-er, Some time thy footstep shall stray, }  
 Where waits an an-gel to bear thee O-ver to in-fi-nite day. }

So, in the depths of thy sor-row, Gall tho' its fountain may be,  
 Then, tho' the world may in-vite thee, Vain will its of-fer-ing be,  
 What then tho' dark be his shad-ow, If when his coming thou see,

List, for there com-eth a whis-per, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.  
 List, for there com-eth a whis-per, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.  
 Com-eth there soft-ly a whis-per, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.

f CHORUS.

Call - - ing, call - - ing, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.  
 Calling for thee, calling for thee,

## No. 135

## NEARER TO THEE.

JESSIE H. BROWN.  
SOLO.

J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1 Back from the Long A - go, Dis - tant and dim, Breath-ing a  
 2 Oft in an hour of bliss Comes the re - strain, Bid - ding me  
 3 Thus let me dai - ly rise Near - er thy throne,Near - er the

warn - ing low, Comes a sweet hymn; Fraught with my childhood dreams,  
 find in this, Heav - en - ly gain; E'en in my griefs I say:  
 last - ing prize Kept for thine own; E'en when Death's her - alds come,

*Slower.*

It is for me; Sa - cred and ten-der seems, "Near - er to thee;"—  
 Fa - ther I flee Out of this cloud-ed way, "Near - er to thee;"—  
 Lord, may they be An - gels to lead me home, "Near - er to thee;"—

CHORUS. *Tempo.*

"Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 "So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 "An - gels to beck - on me. Near - er, my God, to thee,

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee."

No. 136      What a Gathering That will be.

J. H. K.

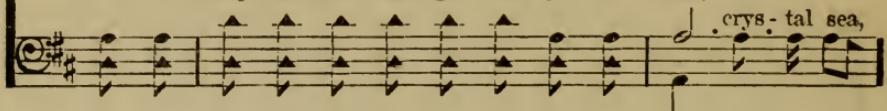
J. H. KURZENKNABE, by per.



1 At the sounding of the trum-pet, when the saints are gathered home,  
 2 When the an - gel, of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,  
 3 At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hid-den comes to light,  
 4 When the gold - en harps are sound-ing, and the an - gel bands proclaim,



We will greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea,  
 We shall gath - er, and the saved and ransom'd see,  
 When the Lord in all his glo - ry we shall see;  
 In tri - umph-ant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee;



With the friends and all the lov'd ones, there a - wait-ing us to come,  
 Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright ce - les - tial shore.  
 At the bid-ding of our Sav-iour, "Come, ye bless-ed to my right,"  
 Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,



What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!  
 What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!  
 What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!  
 What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!



# What a Gathering That will be. Concluded.

## CHORUS.

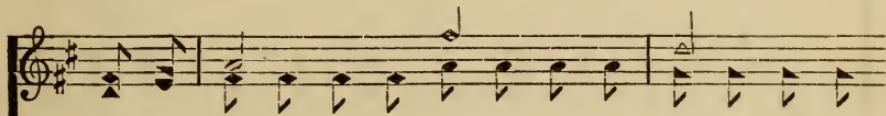


What a gath - - - 'ring, gath - - - 'ring

What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,



At the sound-ing of the glo - ri - ous ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!



What a gath - - - 'ring, gath - - -

What a gath'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each



oth - er,

- 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith - ful that will be!



# No. 137 CLEAVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D. D.

R. M. MCINTOSH.



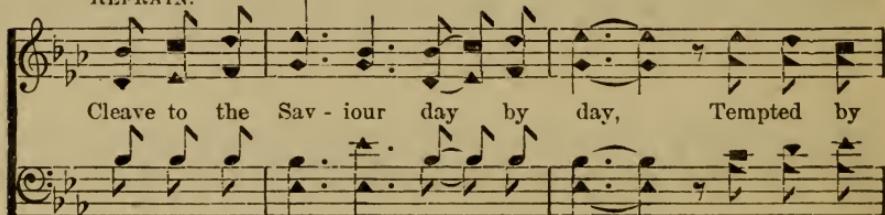
1 Would you please and hon- or Je-sus? Follow him in all you do;  
 2 Would you have a friend in Je-sus, To sup-port you in your way?  
 3 Do you long to be with Je-sus, And a crown of life se-cure?



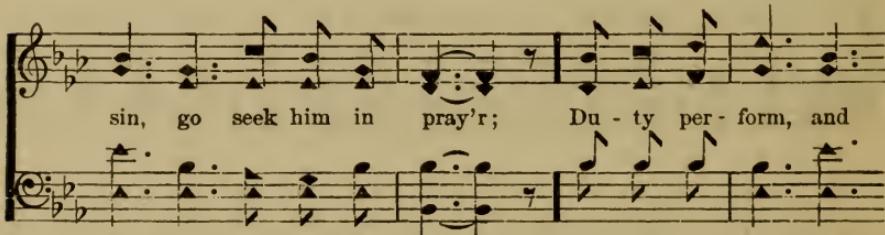
Would you win his love and fa-vor? Be his serv-ant, faithful, true.  
 Own him as your Lord and Master, Him re-ceive, and love, o - obey.  
 Be thou pa-tient in his service, Meekly to the end en-dure.



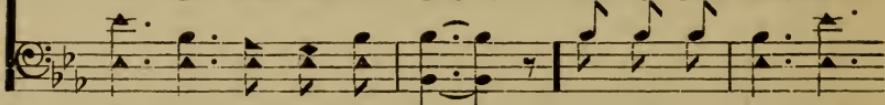
## REFRAIN.



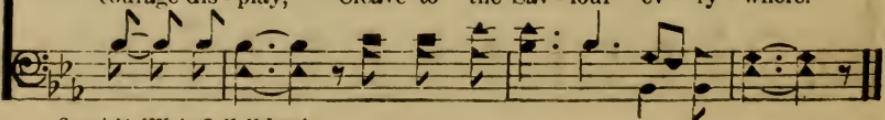
Cleave to the Sav - iour day by day, Tempted by



sin, go seek him in pray'r; Du - ty per - form, and



courage dis - play, Cleave to the Sav - iour ev - 'ry - where.



## No. 138.

## DOGGETT. C. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1 The Lord of Sab - bath let us praise, In con - cert with the blest,  
 2 Thus, Lord, while we re - mem - ber thee, We blest and pi - ous grow;  
 3 On this glad day a bright - er scene Of glo - ry was displayed,  
 4 He ris - es, who man-kind has bought With grief and pain ex - treme :  
 Who, joy - ful, in har - mo-nious lays Em - ploy an end - less rest.  
 By hymns of praise we learn to be Tri - umph - ant here be - low.  
 By God, th'e - ter - nal Word, than when This u - ni - verse was made.  
 'Twas great to speak the world from naught; 'Twas greater to re - deem.

## No. 139.

## VAUGHAN. C. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1 When the worn spir - it wants re - pose, And sighs her God to seek,  
 2 How sweet to hail the ear - ly dawn That o - pens on the sight,  
 3 Sweet day! thy hours too soon will cease, Yet while they gent - ly roll,  
 4 When will my pil - grim-age be done, The world's long week be o'er,  
 How sweet to hail the even - ing's close That ends the wea - ry week!  
 When first the soul re - viv - ing morn Beams its new rays of light!  
 Breathe, Ho - ly Spir - it, Source of peace, A Sab - bath o'er my soul.  
 That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun, That day which fades no more!

## No. 140.

## SUMMERS. L. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1 High in the heavens, e-ter- nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines;  
 2 For - ev - er firm thy justice stands, As mountains their foun-da - tions keep;  
 3 Thy pro - vi-dence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy boun-ty share;  
 4 My God! how ex - cel-lent thy grace! Whence all our hope and comfort springs;  
 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free, Springs from the presence of the Lord;

Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud That veils and darkens thy de - signs.  
 Wise are the won-ders of thy hands, Thy judgments are a might-y deep.  
 The whole cre - a - tion is thy charge, But saints are thy pe - cu - liar care.  
 The sons of A - dam in dis - tress Fly to the shad-ow of thy wings.  
 And in thy light our souls shall see The glo - ries promised in thy word.

## No. 141.

## BROKER. L. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

*Softly, gently, yet distinct.*

1 'Tis midnight, and on O-live's brow, The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone:  
 2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;  
 3 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The man of sor-rows weeps in blood;  
 4 'Tis midnight; and, from ether plains Is borne the song that an - gels know:

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now, The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.  
 E'en that dis - ei - ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.  
 Yet he that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by his God.  
 Unheard by mor - tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

## No. 142.

## VIRGINIA. C. M.

N. E. EVERETT, by per.



1 When mus-ing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the pres-ent pain,  
 2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise, And dread a fa - ther's will;  
 3 It is that heav'n-born faith sur-veys The path that leads to light,  
 4 It is that hope with ar - dor glows, To see him face to face,  
 5 O let me wing my hallow'd flight From earth-born woe and care,



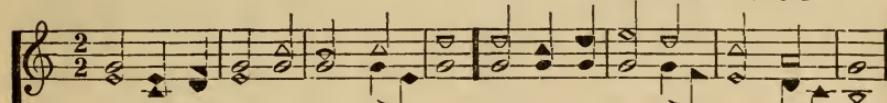
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.  
 'Tis not that meek sub - mis - sion flies, And would not suf - fer still:  
 And longs her ea - gle plumes to raise, And lose her - self in sight:  
 Whose dy - ing love no language knows Suf - fi - cient art to trace.  
 And soar a - bove these clouds of night, My Sav-iour's bliss to share!



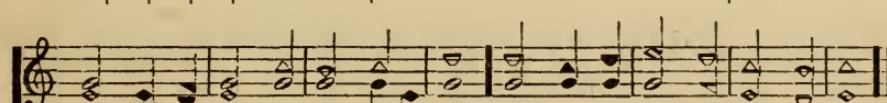
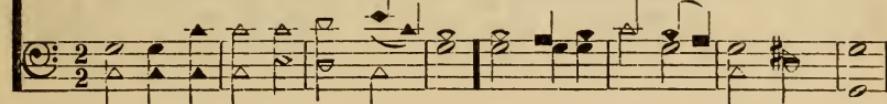
## No. 143.

## KAVANAUGH. L. M.

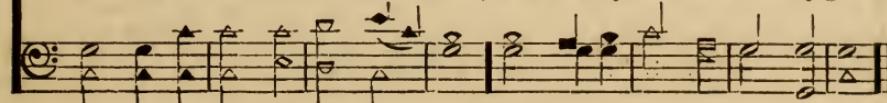
R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



1 Come, sin-ner, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest;  
 2 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye rest-less wand'ers aft - er rest,  
 3 See him set forth be-fore your eyes, That precious, bleeding sac - ri - fice!



Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all mankind.  
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart - y wel-come find.  
 His offered ben - e - fits em - brace, And free - ly now be saved by grace!



## No. 144.

## MOULTON. S. M.

L. C. CHISHOLM, by per.

To tear my soul from earth a - way For Je - sus to re - ceive?  
 I sink, by dy - ing love compelled, And own thee con - quer - or!  
 Gra - cious Re-deem - er, take, O take, And seal me ev - er thine!  
 Set - tle and fix my wav - ring soul With all thy weight of love.

## No. 145.

## SOLITUDE. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.

Oppressed by sins, I lift my eye, And see the sha - dows fade.  
 On thee a - lone my con - stant mind Be ev - 'ry mo - ment stayed!  
 I wash my gar - ments in the blood Of the a - ton - ing Lamb.  
 Till sum - moned to the mar - riage - feast, When faith in sight shall end!

## No. 146.

## SPRING. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.

1 Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know;  
 2 What did thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath!  
 3 Au - thor of faith, to thee I lift My wea - ry, long-ing eys:  
 4 Sure - ly thou canst not let me die: O speak, and I shall live;  
 5 The worst of sin - ners would re - joice, Could they but see thy face:

If thou with-draw thy - self from me, Ah! whith-er shall I go?  
 What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!  
 O let me now re - ceive that gift, My soul with-out it dies!  
 And here I will un - wear-ied lie, Till thou thy Spir - it give.  
 O let me hear thy quick'ning voice, And taste thy pard'ning grace!

## No. 147.

## PAUL. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.

1 Je - sus, the Con - qu'ror, reigns, In glo-ri-ous strength ar- rayed,  
 2 Ye sons of men, re - joice In Je-sus' might - y love:  
 3 Ex - tol his king - ly pow'r; Kiss the ex - alt - ed Son,  
 4 Our Ad - vo - cate with God, He tin - der - takes our cause,

His kingdom o - ver all maintains, And bids the earth be glad!  
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, To him who rules a - bove.  
 Who died, and lives to die no more, High on his Fa - ther's throne:  
 And spreads thro' all the earth a - broad The vic - try of his cross.

## No. 148.

## ALBION.

1 Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,  
 2 Come, thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword,  
 3 Come, ho - ly Com - for - ter, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear  
 4 To the great One and Three E - ter - nal prais - es be

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
 Our prayer at - tend: Come, and thy peo - ple bless, And give thy  
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in  
 Hence—ev - er - more! His sov - ereign ma - jes - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.  
 word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - descend!  
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!  
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

## No. 149.

## FARMVILLE.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1 Just as I am—with - out one plea, But that thy blood was  
 shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee—

# FARMVILLE. Concluded.



2 Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot;  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
With fears within and wars without—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down:  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

No. 150.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.

1 The Lord my Shep - herd is, I shall be  
2 He leads me to the place Where heaven - ly  
3 If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my  
4 While he af - fords his aid, I can - not

well sup - plied: Since he is mine, and I am his,  
pas - ture grows, Where liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass,  
soul re - claim, And guides me in his own right way,  
yield to fear: Though I should walk through death's dark shade,

What can I want be - side? What can I want be - side?  
And full sal - va - tion flows, And full sal - va - tion flows.  
For his most ho - ly name, For his most ho - ly name.  
My Shepherd's with me there, My Shepherd's with me there.

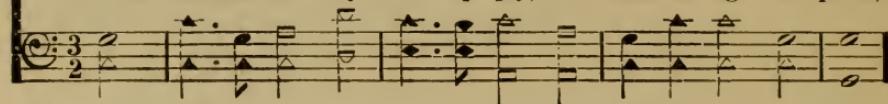
## No. 151.

## Capers. C. M.

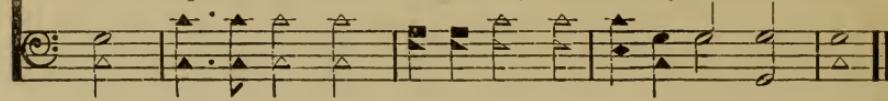
R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



1 For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed-ing side;  
 2 My dy - ing Sav- iour, and my God, Fount-ain for guilt and sin,  
 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art;  
 4 Th'a - toment of thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove,



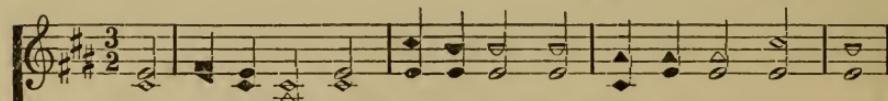
This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died.  
 Sprin - kle me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.  
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.  
 Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.



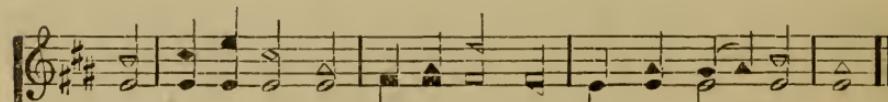
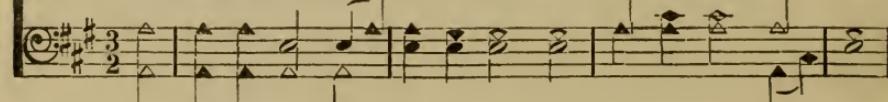
## No. 152.

## KERLIN. C. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



1 The morning bright, with ro - sy light, Has waked me up from sleep:  
 2 All thro' the day, I humbly pray, Be thou my guard and guide;  
 3 O make thy rest with - in my breast, Great Spir - it of all grace:



Fa - ther, I own thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.  
 My sins for - give, and let me live, Blest Je - sus, near thy side.  
 Make me like thee, then shall I be Pre - pared to see thy face.



## No. 153.

## HELEN. C. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights,  
 2 In dark-est shades if thou ap-pear, My dawn-ing is be-gun ;  
 3 The opening heav'ns a-round me shine With beams of sa-cred bliss,  
 4 My soul would leave this heav-y clay, At that trans-port-ing word,  
 5 Fear-less of hell and ghastly death, I'd break thro' ev'-ry foe ;

The glo-ry of my bright-est days, And com-fort of my nights !—  
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my ris-ing sun.  
 If Je-sus show his mer-cy mine, And whis-per I am his.  
 Run up with joy the shin-ing way, To see and praise my Lord.  
 The wings of love and arms of faith Would bear me con-quor-through.

## No. 154. GILL. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s. (8th P. M.)

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1 { O thou God of my sal-va-tion, My Re-deem-er from all sin, }  
 Moved by thy di-vine com-pas-sion, Who hast died my heart to win,

I will praise thee : I will praise thee : Where shall I thy praise be-gin ?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour :  
 He hath brought salvation near—  
 Manifests his pardoning favor,  
 And, when Jesus doth appear,  
 Soul and body  
 Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,  
 Glory to the great I AM !  
 I with them will still be ying,

Glory ! glory to the Lamb !  
 O how precious  
 Is the sound of Jesus' name !

4 Angels now are hovering round us,  
 Unperceived they mix the throng,  
 Wondering at the love that crowned us,  
 Glad to join the holy song :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Love and praise to Christ belong !

## No. 155.

## CRICHLLOW. L. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1 Je-sus! and shall it ev-er be, A mort-al man ashamed of thee?  
 2 Ashamed of Je-sus! soon-er far Let evening blush to own a star:  
 3 Ashamed of Je-sus! just as soon, Let midnight be ashamed of noon:  
 4 Ashamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?  
 He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.  
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till he, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee?  
 No: when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.

## No. 156.

## HEAD. C. M.

M. J. McGLASSON, by per.

1 Let ev-'ry tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all:  
 2 When sor-rows bow the spir-it down, When virt-ue lies dis-tressed,  
 3 Thou know'st the pain-athy ser-vants feel, Thou hear'st thy children's cry;

Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.  
 Be-neth the proud oppres-sor's frown, Thou giv'st the mourner rest.  
 And their best wish-es to ful-fil, Thy grace is ev-er nigh.

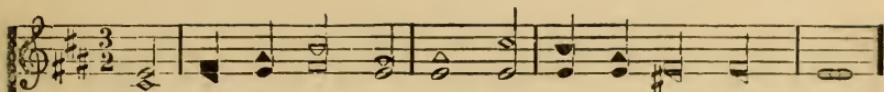
4 Thy mercy never shall remove  
 From men of heart sincere:  
 Thou sav'st the souls whose humble  
 Is joined with holy fear. [love.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
 And spread thy fame abroad:  
 Let all the Sons of Adam raise  
 The honors of their God.

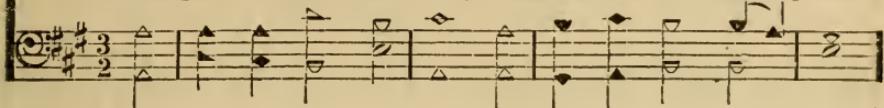
## No. 157.

## McCoy. S. M.

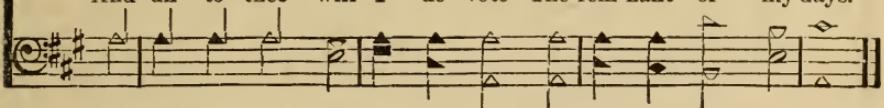
L. C. EVERETT, by per.



1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy Di - vine,  
 2 O melt this fro - zen heart; This stub-born will sub - due;  
 3 The prof - it will be mine, But thine shall be the praise:



And on this poor be-night-ed soul, With beams of mer - ey shine.  
 Each e - vil pas - sion o - ver-come, And form me all a - new!  
 And un - to thee will I de - vote The rem-nant of my days.



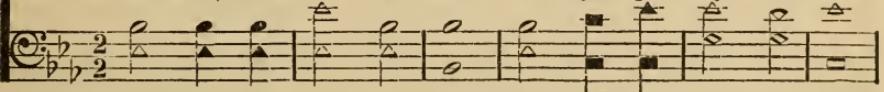
## No. 158.

## GEORGIA. S. M.

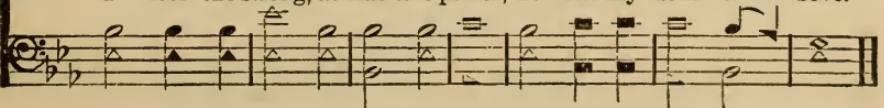
R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



1 Be - hold th'a - maz - ing sight, The Sav-iour lift - ed high:  
 2 For whom, for whom, my heart, Were all these sor - rows borne?  
 3 For love of us he bled, And all in tor - ture died:  
 4 I see, and I a - dore In sym - pa - thy of love:



Be - hold the Son of God's de-light Ex - pire in ag - o - ny.  
 Why did he feel that piercing smart, And meet that va - rious scorn?  
 'Twas love that bowed his faint-ing head, And oped his gush - ing side.  
 I feel the strong, at-trac-tive power, To lift my soul a - bove.



No. 159.

BONNELL. C. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

No. 160.

ASHVILLE. C. M.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

## No. 161.

## LEBANON. 7s.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

## No. 162.

## DUNCAN. S. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1 Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow;  
 2 Lord, on thee our souls de-pend; In com - pas-sion now de-scend;  
 3 In thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay;  
 4 Send some mes-sage from thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford:

O do not our suit dis-dain: Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?  
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace Tune our lips to sing thy praise.  
 Lord, we know not how to go Till a bless-ing thou be - stow.  
 Let thy Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
 Let the time of joy return;  
 Those that are cast down lift up,  
 Make them strong in faith and hope.

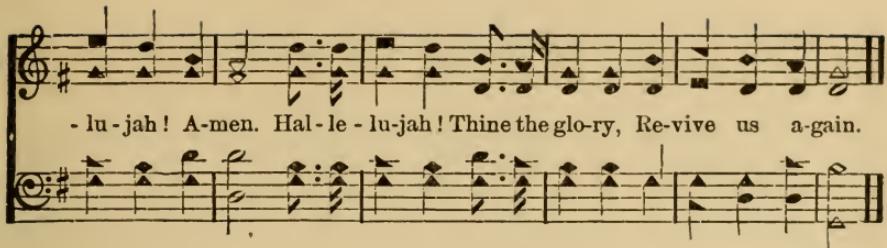
6 Grant that all may seek and find  
 Thee a gracious God, and kind;  
 Heal the sick, the captive free;  
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

1 All glo - ry and praise be to Je - sus our Lord, So plenteous in  
 2 To us he hath giv - en the gift from a-bove,—The earn - est of  
 3 Ye all may re-ceive, who on Je - sus do call, The gift of his  
 4 The peace and the pow - er, ye sin - ners embrace, And look for the

REFRAIN.

grace, and so true to his word.  
 heav - en, the Spir - it of love. }  
 Spir - it,—'tis proffered to all. }  
 show-er,—the Spir - it of grace. }  
 Halle - lu - jah ! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -

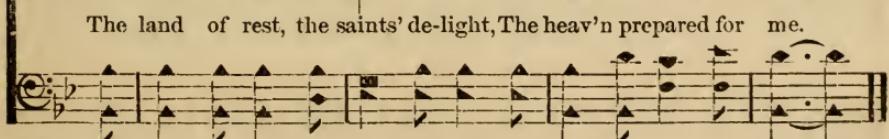
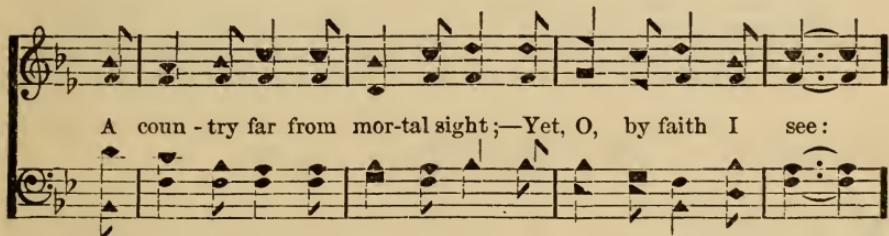
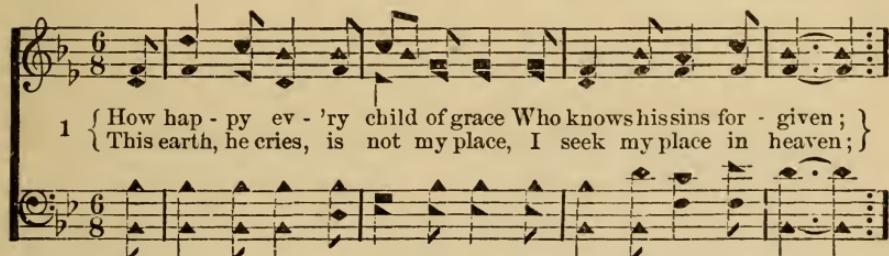
# REVIVE US. Concluded.



No. 165.

HERMON. C. M.

Rev. JOHN P. MCFERRIN.

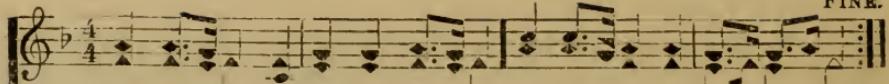


2 O what a blessed hope is ours!  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day:  
We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O, would he more of heaven bestow,  
And let the vessels break.  
And let our ransomed spirits go,  
To grasp the God we seek;  
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,  
Who bought the sight for me,  
And shout, and wonder at his grace,  
To all eternity!

No. 166. GREENVILLE. 8, 7. Double.

FINE.



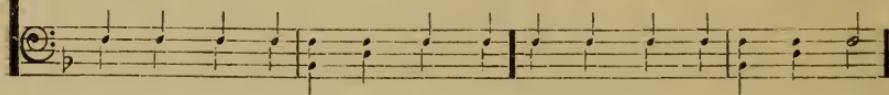
1 { Sav-iour, breathe an evening bless-ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:  
Sin and want we come con - fessing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.  
D.C.—An - gel guards from thee surround us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.



D.C.



Though de - struction walk a - round us Though the ar - row near us fly,



2 Though the night be dark and dreary, Should swift death this night o'er take  
Darkness cannot hide from thee; And our couch become our tomb, [us,  
Thou art he who, never weary, May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Watcheth where thy people be. Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

No. 167.

8, 7.

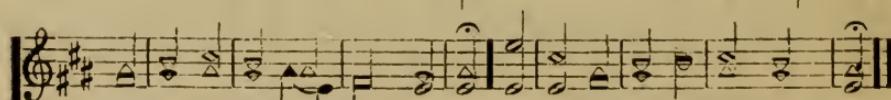
1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Bid us now depart in peace;  
Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase:

Fill each breast with consolation:  
Up to thee our hearts we raise:  
When we reach our blissful station,  
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

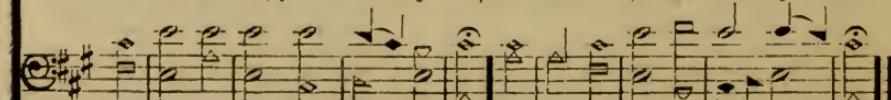
No. 168. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



Praise God, from whom all blessing flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;



Praise him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



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